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The Week

THE Supreme Court decision in the Nebbia case indicates that it will not hold unconstitutional any important part of the New Deal legislation. For this is one of the most dubious cases that is likely to be presented to it. In the first place, it is concerned directly, not with a federal law but with a state law, and the Court is inclined to let the national government exercise powers that it denies to the states. The federal government was not represented in the argument. If the decision had been unfavorable in this instance, federal milk control might still have been upheld. Furthermore, the case concerned one of the most dubious aspects of the law—the right to enforce upon a retail competitor the charging of a maximum price. This is a practice which the federal milk control has already given up. To say that a little dealer cannot give away a loaf of bread with his milk in order to stimulate sales, when the fixed price allows him a big profit, is to carry price regulation to the extreme. The Court was careful to dissociate itself from the wisdom of the economic policy involved; if it could do so in this case, it is likely to do so in others where the wisdom is less questionable. It hewed to the line by upholding the power of government to exercise control over any business, in spite of the "due process" clause, whenever and wherever the public need outweighs the private interest, provided only that the regulations be not unreasonable or discriminatory. About the only remaining doubt is whether the Court will be as liberal in its interpretations when and if it can be argued that the economic emergency is past.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, in asking Congress for power to negotiate reciprocity agreements and put them into effect by tariff adjustments, is going in the direction advocated by Secretary Wallace and by The New Republic in its last week's editorial, "Shall We Trade Abroad?" Already a stiff opposition is forming, not only among Republicans but among Democrats who represent the interests of American producers who are now protected by high rates. The same forces in Congress that always put rates up by a log-rolling process when a new tariff bill is being considered are now forming their lines to prevent the delegation of power to the President to reduce a single duty. In our editorial discussion of the subject we raised the question whether private interests, which always obstruct tariff reduction by Congress, would not be able to exert enough pressure on Presidents and commissions to prevent intelligently planned action in behalf of the whole community. Now it appears that they may be able to forestall even the necessity of bringing such pressures to bear. The tendency of anarchic private capital to carry on international economic war, especially during crisis, may not permit any effort to climb out of the abyss.

WHEN the administration gives up the C.W.A., it is likely to continue the same thing by a different name. The unemployed are still there; neither private charity nor local and state governments can feed them; no business revival of sufficient magnitude is in sight to absorb them. The plans which the government now vaguely announces to succeed the C.W.A. are removal of populations from regions where industry can never reëmploy them to more favored localities, rural relief and city relief. The first is a long-time job that cannot possibly affect enough people promptly to be an immediate

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substitute. Rural relief and city relief mean the continuance of direct federal spending to sustain the unemployed. We can see little advantage to be gained in changing the initials by which this work is called, unless by a reorganization the administration can get rid of certain abuses and dangers of the C.W.A. Possibly it will be able to banish the use of the relief agency for political graft, avoid complaints about inequality of rewards and competition with private employment, and get away from the embarrassing claims to security of tenure, pensions and the like which federal employees may make. How it can do these things and at the same time ensure the distribution of real money promptly and without red tape to those who need it is a mystery to us. In modern industrial society there can be no deep crisis without a dole.

DURING the past week, the administration has taken three steps intended to benefit labor. By executive order, President Roosevelt has divorced the National Labor Board from the National Compliance Board, making the findings of the Labor Board final. As an additional aid to labor, Senator Wagner introduced last week his Industrial Disputes Bill. The purpose of the bill is not only to clarify the collective-bargaining rights of labor but also to outlaw the company union. And as a third step, the membership in the National Labor Board has been increased from eight to thirteen. All of these measures are designed both to strengthen the National Labor Board system and to expedite the work of the boards. They should be considered in the light of two developments: a new strike wave is now threatening throughout the country and, secondly, labor has gradually lost faith in the usefulness of the boards, especially the Regional Boards, whose interminable dilatoriness has more than once contributed to the failure of strikes. Accordingly, in the strike of 4,000 at the plants of the Aluminum Company of America, the workers have refused to deal with the Pittsburgh Regional Labor Board. With the workers in this mood, President Roosevelt's hope for peaceful adjustment of labor disputes is clearly endangered. The proposed measures, accordingly, may be considered means to forestall the threat of increased militancy by the workers.

ONE of the sweetest rackets of them all, it appears, is growing up within the N.R.A. Code Authorities—the boards selected by each industry under a code for the purpose of "self-government." It is in the financing of these semi-official bodies that an interesting story remains to be told. Each of these authorities is supported by assessments levied on the members of its industry, but if complaints now coming in to Washington are indicative, the amounts collected in some instances will be of staggering proportions. In the bituminous coal industry, the Code Authority has set up a hypothetical cost of two cents per ton for "code administration." On the basis of annual production of nearly 400 million tons, this may yield as much as $800,000. A member of the ice industry in Southern California complained in Washington last week that fifty cents per ton of ice was being collected in his region and that, on the basis of annual sales of one million tons, this would yield about $500,000. Likewise, there are reports that the Code Authority of the liquor industry may collect as much as $1,000,000. Obviously, such sums as these can take care of quite a lot of letter writing and several attorneys of the Untermyer caliber, and still leave a comfortable margin to spare.

THESE assessments and what is done with them, it should be noted, are the private affairs of the industries involved. The N.R.A.—at least officially and publicly—has nothing to say about them. But conflict does arise when these so-called administrative and lobbying expenses are foisted on the consumer as "costs of the N.R.A.," as the industries are now attempting to do. Certainly they are not justifiable charges on the consumer. They are for the benefit of industry and industry alone. But even if the industries assume the burden of "code administration," it is exceedingly important that the N.R.A. should check the methods of financing code authorities, just as it limits their other activities. Meanwhile, the code executives, with more money than they know what to do with at the moment, are in an enviable position.

IN HIS defense of the N.R.A. before the meetings of criticism in Washington, General Johnson repeated the figures used in his letter to The New Republic of February 28, figures he has used several times before. They are that, according to the results of a questionnaire sent to N.R.A. members last fall, 2,750,000 persons had been reëmployed and $3,000 million had been added to pay rolls. What he does not say is, first, that this is an estimate based on a reply to the questionnaire by only a fraction of those who received it, and, second, that it covers the period between June 17 and October 14. Later on in his speech—as in another part of his letter to us—he defends the N.R.A. against the charge that it has raised the cost of living. In doing so, he declares, "With a few exceptions, the codes and reemployment agreements did not go into effect until September, 1933." By saying in one paragraph that the N.R.A. is responsible for a growth in employment between June and October, and in another that it is not responsible for the rise in the cost of living between June and September, he performs the neatest statistical trick of the year. He avoids any responsibility for the embarrassing decline in employment and pay rolls from October to date, or for the net rise in the cost of living from June to date. And he hammers the point home by saying "These are the cold, hard facts of this N.R.A. job, and of these underhanded, tricky and dishonest criticisms of N.R.A." One might reply that the good Gen-

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eral is an experienced judge of trickiness. But it is probably more just to say that he does not ask competent statisticians to check up on the publicity men who help him with his letters and speeches.

MAYOR Edward J. Kelly of Chicago has issued an order that Chicago motion-picture theatres may no longer show newsreel scenes of "riots, civil disorder and mass attacks on constituted authority." He does not propose to repeat the mistake of the mother who told her children not to put beans up their noses, only to find that while they had never thought of such a thing, they were now fascinated by the idea and proceeded to put it into execution. Like Mayor Hylan of New York, who once protested against people's going into the Public Library and getting radical ideas out of books, Mayor Kelly doesn't want innocent Chicagoans to go to the movies and come out looking for a chance to join a riot party. Fine stuff, Mr. Mayor! While you're at it, you had better stop the Chicago newspapers from printing articles about the terrible things going on in Europe nowadays: you can't be too careful. It might be well, further, to pass a law that no Chicagoan shall visit any country or city where trouble is in progress or impending. Who knows? —he might come back and put ideas into the heads of his fellow citizen. By the same token, it would be better not to permit visitors to come to the Windy City, lest some of them should carry the infection. Then if you could just arrange, Mr. Mayor, to grow a little black mustache, very short and high but not very wide, we'll be glad to write and tell you what to do next. In a plain, sealed envelope, of course.

MAYOR LaGuardia of New York has made his first bad mistake, in permitting his Commissioner of Licenses to rule off the newsstands a long list of periodicals which in his opinion, or in somebody's opinion, are indecent. The Mayor naïvely admits that this action was taken because of pressure from the churches, and particularly the Catholic Church. It goes without saying that in a commercial civilization somebody will always try to profit by pandering to public demands by products which some section of the community will consider immoral. But censorship is always likely to make mistakes and to prevent the issuance of something which some other part of the community has a legitimate right to obtain. The Commissioner can terrorize the newsstands by threatening to revoke their licenses, and he can thus destroy the sale of periodicals whether innocent or guilty. Moral censorship shades over easily into political censorship. There is ample power in the laws of New York and most other cities and states to proceed by court action against the publishers and distributors of obscenity. We agree with the American Civil Liberties Union and other groups who insist that such procedure is the only proper way to safeguard our amazingly fragile morals.

THE announcement by Engelbert Dollfuss that the coming week will bring the publication of a provisional Constitution for the new Austrian corporate state comes somewhat after the event. The alteration of the Austrian Republic toward fascism has already gone forward with such tremendous strides that the announced Constitution will merely give a thin veneer of legality to already existing methods and institutions. By a process of elimination, the one-party system is already in operation. The outlawing of the National Socialist party and the dissolution of the Social Democracy have left in the National Parliament, beside the Dollfuss party, only two small German nationalist groups with a few deputies, both in sympathy with Heimwehr policies. This defunct rump parliament will probably be resuscitated merely to express its formal approval of the new Constitution. Dollfuss need fear no opposition from that quarter.

BUT from Italy and Germany Dollfuss has learned that the political control of a nation is only half the battle. There remains the elimination of powerful economic and social forces whose opposition may easily threaten political domination. With the suppression of the Socialist trade unions and the coördination of the coöperative societies, the Austrian dictator took the first steps in this direction. With the dissolution of the Christian trade unions this process now approaches completion. All workers have been called upon "voluntarily" to join the newly created Labor Syndicate. Wages and working conditions will be regulated by this body through government appointees. With the exception of Lower Austria, the provinces have already adopted an authoritative system of government, placing all power in the hands of their local governors. If, as announced, the new Constitution provides for the removal of Jews from all leading positions in Austrian life, the chief difference between Nazi and Heimwehr fascism—at least in domestic policy—will lie in the names of their respective leaders.

THE three Bulgarian Communists who were defendants in the Reichstag-fire trial have been permitted to leave Germany and are now safe in Soviet Russia. The official theory of the Communists is that "mass pressure of the proletariat" brought this about. Journalists in Moscow report another reason: a threat by the government of the U.S.S.R. to take reprisals against Germans now in that country if the Bulgarians were not released; and from Berlin come reports that the development was helped by a strong difference of opinion between Hitler and Göring which made Hitler predisposed to aid those whom Göring dislikes. Possibly all three reasons had something to do with it; certainly there is no doubt that worldwide indignation over the trial helped to prevent the carrying through of the Nazis' plans to punish these defendants for a crime which they obviously did not commit. The treatment of the Bulgarians from the time of their acquittal until

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they were deported was as brutal and indefensible as all the rest of the case; but at least they were not murdered, and for that we can be thankful.

WE HEAR on the most unreliable authority that there are two schools of thought in Washington with regard to the possibility of a Russo-Japanese war. One school believes that Russia will not be attacked because the Japanese know that Russia is too strong. The other school has more finesse. It believes that Russia will certainly be attacked because the Japanese know that Russia does not expect to be attacked, Russia being under the misapprehension that the Japanese know Russia is too strong, when as a matter of fact the Japanese know that Russia is not too strong. It's a little complicated, but you can figure it out for yourself.

Mr. Roosevelt's First Year

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has now made another ringing speech defending his policies, while indicating some reforms which he believes to be necessary. He announces firmly that wages must go up and the average working week come down, that profiteering must be ended and that profits must not stand in the way of the welfare of the common man. The principles of the N.R.A., he indicates, are to be accepted as a permanent part of our civilization and not as mere measures for the duration of the war against this depression. He scorns the suggestion that the United States is headed toward a dictatorship either on fascist or communist lines and says on the contrary that democratic principles, which have previously been in abeyance because of the inertia of our leaders, are again functioning. He reiterates his determination that labor shall bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing, that big business shall not crush the little man and that poverty shall be abolished at least to such an extent that no one in this country shall have less than a decent American standard of living.

These are fine words bravely spoken. Mr. Roosevelt is a superlative orator—probably the best in the country—of the new school created by the radio. If his promises could be accepted at their face value, Utopia would be just around that famous corner where Mr. Hoover used to tell us that prosperity was lurking. But is there any reason to believe that the President has the power to live up to his pledges? Unfortunately, we cannot forget that he made similar and even stronger pledges a year ago, and has repeated them from time to time since. Yet at the end of his first year, the record of achievement contrasts dismally with those promises.

True, the downward spiral of deflation has been halted, at least temporarily. Confidence in our banking system has been restored even though the government let slip the great opportunity for the fundamental reforms in that system which are so badly needed. Business as a whole is somewhat improved; it is also somewhat improved throughout all the other industrialized nations of the whole world, so that no one can say that the government's measures have brought about the restoration in the United States, or can even demonstrate that these measures have not on the whole hampered that restoration. In his fundamental objectives, however, the President can point to no decisive success. These fundamental purposes were and are, as he says, to improve the economic position of the mass of the people, and specifically, to better the lot of those who work for wages. Within a few days of the President's latest speech, important evidence on both these matters was made public in Washington. As to the position of labor, we have the evidence of the N.R.A. hearings. As to the treatment of the consumer, we have the extremely important report of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the N.R.A.

There is now no doubt that labor as a whole has derived little or no benefit from the operations of the N.R.A. The codes, to be sure, have eliminated from a few industries disgraceful conditions of child labor and sweat-shop employment at incredibly low wages and long hours. There has been some reemployment and an increase in total wages paid. For the great mass of the workers, however, the increase in the cost of living has equaled or exceeded increases in wages. Many trade unions have augmented their membership under the terms of Section 7a of the N.I.R.A. On the other hand, everyone now knows that the right of collective bargaining, guaranteed in that Section, has been openly and flagrantly nullified by many employers throughout the United States and that thus far no effective measures have been taken against them. The National Labor Board has demonstrated its utter impotence in case after case. Efforts are now being made to put more power into its hands. The President by executive order has made its decisions final, has increased its membership to thirteen and provided two new vice-chairmen. Senator Wagner has introduced a bill in Congress which would still further sharpen its authority. It is perfectly clear, however, that all these efforts will come to nothing unless the whole administration, from the President down, is determined to battle to the death with the great industrialists who, for their part, will leave nothing undone to keep their workers in their present condition of virtual slavery. We see no evidence that the administration is ready for such a struggle. On the contrary, we see a number of its most important posts held by men who share the views of these industrialists.

When we turn to the position of consumers as a whole, the record is equally dark. The document which the Consumers' Advisory Board has at last made public, after bringing the greatest possible pressure to bear on General Johnson, is a most impressive and completely damning presentation. The

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Board shows that the N.R.A. has sold the country to big business for a mess of pottage. Prices are being raised far beyond anything justified by increased wages. Under the codes, competitors are indulging in an orgy of price fixing, limitation of output, allocation of quotas to inefficient plants and padded items of expense that penalize efficient units and take the whole cost out of the consumer's hide. The Board declares that when the profiteering now reflected in wholesale prices is extended to retail prices during the next few months, the most serious consequences may be expected. Already, associations of retailers find that unjustified high prices have caused a reduction in retail sales (by volume) which, if not checked, will mean dismissal of employees all the way back to the factory, lower wages and resumption of the downward spiral of deflation. The Board warns that all the reëmployment and wage increases that are to be expected under the codes have already taken place, while the worst of the increase in the cost of living is yet to come.

To be sure, there are some other important aspects of the New Deal. Federal money expended through the C.W.A. and otherwise has prevented many persons from starving, as they certainly would have done had the Hoover policy of leaving this problem to the local authorities been continued. The Securities Law and the Stock Exchange Bill seek to remove some of the worst aspects of financial thuggery, though they do not in any sense provide social control of capital investment for social purposes. The A.A.A. has struggled heroically, on the whole, with the problem of agricultural overproduction, with emergency measures of a stop-gap character. If they have not limited production very much, they have increased the income of many farmers whose plight was severe, even though leaving many others without aid. The T.V.A. is an interesting experiment in state capitalism which should give us several valuable lessons. The President's plans for foreign trade, while still only in embryo, are markedly more realistic than those of his three Republican predecessors. The P.W.A. represents a fine idea that for a variety of reasons, and notably the opposition of the private real-estate interests of the country, has failed to come to much.

All these matters, however, are relatively unimportant compared with the central issue of the government's relations to industry as a whole. At best, we are only halfway back from the lowest point of the depression to a "normal" that itself represents a pitifully low standard of life for many millions of Americans. The President's central thesis up to now has been that private capitalism will respond to an appeal for enlightened unselfishness: that the owners of industry can be made to see that their own prosperity is augmented if they give a larger share of income to the workers in order to swell the buying power of their customers. But it is perfectly clear that business does not believe the thesis or see the point. It has acted just as the radicals have always insisted it must act, for the maximum immediate and individual advantage of its private pocketbook. Nearly all the gains that labor has made, even in its nominal wage rates, have been achieved at the pistol's point, just as gains were attained in the days before there was a Blue Eagle. Given a chance to profiteer, business has taken advantage of it up to the hilt. It is idle for the President to echo General Johnson in his plea, "For God's sake, keep prices down!" Such moral exhortations have no more effect here and now than anywhere else or at any other time.

A year ago, we stated that Mr. Roosevelt stood at the crossroads. He could, to change the figure, either repair only the worst places in our collapsing machinery, or he could begin to build it afresh in such a way that there could be no doubt it would in future serve the common interest of the people and not the special interest of privilege. Today, he still stands at the crossroads. So far as can be judged from his speech this week, he plans, in essence, to go on with the evangelical campaign, in a louder voice and with more dramatic gestures. Every action of his which seems to indicate a move to the Left is counterbalanced by another which moves to the Right; and he has repeatedly failed to take decisive action—as in the instance of government control of the banks—when that action seemed inevitable if he meant to carry out his own public promises. If our analysis of his intentions is correct, both he and the public are in for a painful awakening. The worldwide forces of recovery that have been at work for some time may postpone the day of reckoning. But they cannot prevent its coming.

Will France Go Fascist?

SINCE the victory of the Left parties in the French elections of 1932, the conservatives have been clamoring for a Coalition Cabinet. Their campaign reached its successful climax in the recent riots: at last they are in power. But the promised appeasement of the public is far from being achieved. The political passions are as tumultuous as ever; a great bitterness prevails in the provinces against Paris; and, as proved by the recent assassination of an important witness, not even the Stavisky scandal, which was the pretext for the change, is brought to an end. The average French worker feels that the fascists have scored a first victory. He anticipates great dangers, and his alarm is certainly justified. It is an ominous sign that the reactionary forces did not hesitate to use mob violence in order to split the fragile Cartel des Gauches.

Naturally, the Right parties deny their own fascist tendencies; all they want, they say, is to make some necessary reforms in the Constitution, diminish the number of deputies, limit their initiative and give more power to the executive. On their face, these changes seem to offer no threat to democracy.

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Their real meaning, however, is that the new Cabinet, which is more or less dominated by the Comité des Forges, the trade association of the steel and munition makers, intends to distort still further the already distorted and inadequate parliamentary representation. Even in the present Chamber, the number of deputies bears hardly any relation to the real strength of the parties that elected them. The Communists, with 900,000 votes, have only twelve deputies; the Left Republicans (in reality a conservative party representing big manufacturers), with about the same number of votes, have 100. The parties of the Left are in general grossly underrepresented, although exception must be made for the Socialists, who with about 1,100,000 votes elected 120 deputies. But the possibilities of gerrymandering are not yet exhausted, and by rearranging the electoral districts the conservatives hope to obtain a Chamber of Deputies that will be still more docile. In the meantime, while the public is being diverted by constitutional discussions, by new elections and perhaps by some opportune scandals, the now weak and scattered fascist forces will have plenty of time to organize themselves.

Sooner or later the bourgeoisie in France will have to apply fascist methods. The important economic problems with which the previous Cabinets were unable to cope are not only unsolved, but are becoming more acute every day. The real struggle is still ahead. Being given the composition of the Doumergue Cabinet—it includes among others the leader of the dissident Socialists, Marquet, whose program is openly fascist—which stands against inflation, against taxation on capital and against socialization, one can safely predict that it will attempt to balance the budget by the most classical capitalistic methods: that is, it will launch a more or less concealed attack on wages and salaries. Its allegiance to the French steel trust is a guarantee that no reductions in armaments will even be considered; already large appropriations for military aviation have been approved.

But in spite of their privileged position, the French capitalists will have to be unusually clever in order to achieve their goal—much more clever than their German or Austrian colleagues. Until now fascism has had no mass basis in France. Not only is the country as a whole in favor of progressive reforms, but it can be said that in spite of a chauvinistic Parisian press, the general pacific and liberal spirit of the French nation is still one of the most effective brakes in the present European race towards war. Will the French workers give time to the reactionary forces to organize and strengthen themselves and so get to "France's turn" for fascism? In their fight for a freer and better existence will they rely upon the old parliamentary institutions? They are doomed if they follow the example of the German and Austrian Socialists. They are doomed if they let themselves be lulled into inactivity by the declarations of the Socialist leader Léon Blum, who now, in the face of the gravest danger to French freedom since the foundation of the Third Republic, finds nothing better than to "supplicate" the deputies "not to give up their prerogatives." Obviously the parliamentary regime no longer satisfies the bankers and the industrial interests. It is equally obvious that it never took sufficient care of the workers' rights. The proletariat too wants to "change the Constitution," but in the direction of greater freedom, of truer democracy. Only by increasing their pressure against capitalism, regardless of what effect this pressure will have on the present decaying system, can the workers save their dearly bought liberties; only by enforcing their own bold solutions, by creating socialism, instead of hopelessly defending a parliamentary democracy that seems fatally to turn against its own ideals, can they stop the reactionary tide.

The general one-day strike of the French working class directed against the fascist threat was a splendid and heartening beginning; it is enough to read the furious editorial comment of the official organ of the French steel trust, Le Temps, which calls that strike illegal, criminal, inadmissible and what not, to see that its effect was not negligible. But the effect even of this strike will certainly be lost if it is not followed by more energetic methods of action and a constant vigilance against all reactionary maneuvers. The collapse of the German Social Democracy has taught the workers that they must fight; the Austrian tragedy supplements this lesson by showing that the fight must be undertaken in due time, before the consolidation of the opposing forces; that in class struggles, as elsewhere, the best defense is attack.

Journalism's Blue Eagle

THE NEWSPAPER code has at last been signed by President Roosevelt, in an atmosphere of sharp hostility between the administration and the press. The President, in an accompanying statement, declared that the famous clause safeguarding the right of free speech was unnecessary, since free speech is protected by the Constitution. For seven months, the newspaper publishers have been trying to omit reporters and other editorial workers from wage and hour provisions on the ground that they are "practitioners of a profession"; and the President brushed this aside with a request—the equivalent of a command—that big-city papers should at once put these workers on a five-day, forty-hour week. A report on conditions for editorial workers in smaller cities is to be made within sixty days. He expressed disapproval of the code proposal to employ children to sell and deliver newspapers, and asked a new report on this matter also, within sixty days.

Publication of the President's statement was received with expressions of sharp resentment on the part of many important newspapers throughout the country. The New York Herald Tribune, which in

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Republican administrations has been famous for its extraordinary deference to the occupant of the White House, published an editorial entitled "Smear America," which said in effect that the President, having unjustly destroyed the aviation industry, was now doing the same thing for the newspapers, and spoke of "government by insult." Many other papers agreed with this general view, though a large number supported the President's attitude.

Looking back over the period during which the newspaper code has been in preparation, we believe the facts amply justify the statement that no industry has behaved worse toward the N.R.A. than daily journalism. There are plenty of honorable exceptions among individual papers; but the record shows that the press as a whole considers its support indispensable to the Roosevelt administration and sought exemption from the very responsibilities that it urged so fervently upon other industries. First it tried to argue that publishing is not a business at all, and when this suggestion was rejected, it tried hard to continue all the abuses of the past.

The plea for freedom of speech, in particular, comes ill from newspapers so many of which have done so little in the past to make effective use of their freedom and have submitted so tamely to encroachments upon it. There are few papers in the United States which should not be ashamed of their records during the World War, when they joined a tacit conspiracy of falsehood from whose effects both America and the world are still suffering. Open dictation by advertising interests is less common than most hostile critics suppose; but it does exist. Ten times more important is silent dictation, the operation of the "invisible censor," which causes the press itself to omit or play down things disagreeable to the business community.

If we look back over the history of even the last fifteen years, it almost seems as though the press had a 100-percent record of failure in telling the people what they most needed to know at the time they most needed to know it. Where was the press when Secretary Fall was giving away the oil resources of the country? Where was the press when fake investment trusts were robbing the people of billions? Where was the press when Wall Street was running up stock prices to heights that had no relation to earning power? Where was the press when the Allies were making one reparations agreement after another with Germany, agreements which every responsible economist knew were mathematically impossible to carry out? Where was the press when billions of dollars' worth of foreign loans were being floated in the United States while the whole economic policy of Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover made it absolutely impossible that these loans should be paid? To come down to more specific and recent instances, where was the press of Chicago when an outbreak of amebic dysentery was going on under its nose? Where was the press of New York while Tammany Hall was engaging in a riot of incompetence and corruption without a parallel in all history?

The truth is, that the guarantees of free speech which were written into the Constitution referred to a press so unlike that of today that there is little relation between them. This is not to say that freedom is any less desirable now than then, but that the terms of the problem have greatly altered. When the Constitution was written, newspapers were in the main owned by editors, and derived their chief income from subscribers in exchange for the legitimate and valuable service rendered them. Today, an important newspaper which is owned by the men charged with the chief responsibility of editing is a *rara avis*. Today, also, the chief revenue of nearly all papers comes from the comparatively indirect service of advertising. Furnishing news is only a way of getting into the home of the individual and there attempting to control and alter the expenditure of his income. To say that journalism is a public enterprise is today a fantastic misstatement. It is a private enterprise which, to a large extent unhappily, is entangled with the public business of the nation. There are many great papers that do better by this public business than, on the whole, we have any right to expect. There are many editors who are sincerely devoted to what they regard as the public welfare. But even with the best of them, the position is an anomalous one where daily compromises are necessary between the abstract best interest of the community and the necessities of a going journalistic concern.

It is, we think, significant that the recent hullabaloo in the press regarding the danger of censorship found hardly any echo outside its own columns. The public flew into a state of the greatest possible calm over the whole matter. There are two possible interpretations of this phenomenon. One is that the public acutely realized that this agitation was a red herring. And it is at least possible that the public, seeing what use the press has made of its freedom in the past, and despite the spectacle of the muzzled newspapers in dictator-ridden European countries, did not feel that the sort of freedom the American press wants is worth very much of a fight.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Washington: The Big Tent

AFTER all, where else can a citizen see such a show free, gratis? On every street a colonnade capped by a pediment, the rhetorical grandeur that was eighteenth-century Greece and Rome; at the end of every vista, on this wintry day above a haze of bare branches of trees, the white dome that stands for certain hopes held long ago, and for Congress, the delicately involved legal arcana of the Supreme Court, Republican and Democratic oratory. When you have seen one of the President's secretaries politely kidding a delegation from the Unemployed Convention in the vestibule of the White House, you can go up to the hill, where those pesky starlings have established themselves in the pediments and in the dome itself and fly around in a black chuckling cloud, endangering the hats and the dignity of the representatives of the people and even of the august Supreme Court Justices. Up on the hill you can examine the vast new building of the Supreme Court, you can climb the long flight of steps into the rotunda under the dome that houses, you are puzzled to find, exactly nothing. You can look up at the strangely flatulent effigies in the Hall of Statuary (their number is now limited by the fact that the floor threatens to cave in if any more great men are added), or you can hurry up the great stairway of the House of Representatives, past the great picture full of furry pioneers and smoke and mountain peaks, that depicts I believe, the Westward Course of Empire, into the galleries of the House. This year, however, nothing much goes on there. The representatives are so intimidated by the thought of what the Radio Voice from the Blue Room may do to them next fall that few of them dare to speak above a whisper: in fact, many of them seem to have stopped attending sessions at all. Better stroll over through the warm gilded light of the corridors, passing purse-mouthed legislators who walk with self-importance draped about them like a toga, into the Senate wing.

The Senate looks younger than it used to, or maybe the old warhorses aren't in their seats. The walls are hung with maps illustrating the forlorn St. Lawrence Waterway treaty. Norris of Nebraska is on his feet explaining one phase of his long, often solitary, fight against the power monopolies. Even after all these years in Washington there is something square and unpretentious about him; he has the untired ease of a man who has found his job and settled down into it happily. If his job has been to fight a losing fight for the farmer and small business man against the monopolies of finance and power, he can't help it; he's put the case as well as he could and he will continue to represent his clients as long as there is breath in him. Nye and La Follette seem to be the only Senators listening to him. Huey Long is asleep in his seat; he looks, with his puffy face and the blue sags under his eyes, like an overgrown small boy with very bad habits indeed. White-haired Senator Gore's calm blind face gives an old-time rustic dignity to things as he wanders in and out restlessly, led by a page, or feeling his way with his stick.

You leave the gallery to smoke a cigarette, or to look at "The Storming of Chapultepec" or that childhood favorite "Commodore Perry Transferring His Flag During the Battle of Lake Erie," and, when you go back, a pantagruelically paunched Senator from Kentucky is telling a rambling tale, vaguely on the side of the power interests, about a taxi-stand in front of the Louisville and Nashville depot at Bowling Green. Better take a look at the side-shows.

In the basement the little monorail trolley takes you to the Senate Office Building. Another rotunda, more marmoreal corridors. In a large room full of cigarette smoke Mr. Pecora is carrying on his investigation of the bankers; witnesses, lawyers, newspapermen sit at long tables covered with green baize. Over each table is a loudspeaker. The loudspeakers are controlled by a worried-looking thin-faced man at a keyboard. It takes you some time to make out who is speaking. The voices come from the ceiling. You have to watch their lips. First Pecora's lips move, then the lips of a pale and apologetic-looking Detroit banker in the witness chair. You try to listen, but it takes a long time to shake off the sense of unreality. Is this really Mr. Pecora, are these really Detroit bankers caught with the goods, is something really going to be done about it, or is it all a not entirely skillful marionette show arranged by that worried-looking man at the keyboard?

Down the hall there's another inquisition going on that has drawn a bigger crowd: Air-mail contracts. This room looks more like a courtroom. The inquisitors sit on a raised dais round three sides of one end of the long room. Below them and in the middle of them sits on a solitary chair, with his back to the press and the public, a certain Mr. Boeing. This gentleman used to have a small machine shop somewhere out in Washington State; he took up the manufacture of airplane motors, he became connected with certain genial gentlemen who had many friends in Washington; a grand began to grow where a dollar had grown before, a warm rain of subsidies refreshed Mr. Boeing's enterprises and they prospered. Mr. Boeing, on being asked to explain all this, looks as if he'd sat on a tack. He's squirming on his chair, he's perspiring freely, he seems to have ants under his collar, he

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looks wildly for help to the right and left. He keeps remembering things he's just forgotten, he makes damaging admissions, he stammers and squirms. Senator Black happily tightens the thumbscrew another notch and looks around smiling at the other members of the committee, at the press, at the private citizens looking on. The trouble with the witness seems to be that he hasn't been a millionaire long enough not to feel guilty about it.

To go over to the House side-shows you have to walk across the park. A couple of small gray squirrels are scampering across the snowy paths. From the trees comes an occasional derisive whistle from a starling.

The room where the Military Affairs Committee of the House meets has armchairs as comfortable as the armchairs at Radio City. At either end of the raised dais where the committee sits is the bronze model of an airplane. General Mitchell is appearing to testify, dressed in tweeds as befits a country gentleman. He is surrounded by photographers. The silver crinkle in the flashlight bulbs flares and goes out to a milky white. The photographers are chased away. General Mitchell begs to state that from Langley to this day the high staff officers of the army have fought the progress of aviation. During the War, in spite of flying coffins and the Liberty motor, we made great strides, then the merchants got hold of it. "When the merchants get hold of our government, we might as well stop work." A funny look goes round the ring of pursed-up politicians' faces. "What do you mean by merchants, General?" somebody asked nervously. "People who have something to sell. Hoover was a merchant . . . The merchants have got all the honest aviation officers scared so that they don't dare call their souls their own . . . even army officers have to eat, you know." A look of relief comes over the small-time merchants' faces of the politicians on the committee when the chairman asks the General to take up the specific reforms he has to suggest. No more talk about merchants.

Back at the Capitol you look into the Senate Chamber again. You don't know how to explain the fact that the paunchy Senator from Kentucky is telling the story about the taxicabs all over again, or maybe he's still telling it. You hurry out and discover that the Supreme Court is in session. A sepulchral doorkeeper politely pulls the door open for you by a thick crimson cord. You slide in and sit on the elegant cushioned bench provided for the public. It's a different world. What magnificent staging. What fine lighting. What handsome make-ups. Two elegantly trimmed chryselephantine beards, one in the center and one slightly to one side. Brandeis' mop of steely hair and his lean thespian face, Cardozo's carefully cut good-looking lawyer's profile. Behind them, against the crimson hangings, a row of pages stands ready to fetch and carry. From the shadowy pit below the Justices comes a halting voice reading a brief. You can only catch some of the words, "Therefore . . . therein . . . acquisition in a competitive situation . . . under such circumstances . . . parallel lines following parallel routes . . . therein . . . cause to appear . . . differing from the situation in other industries . . . a railroad is held by its rails." And suddenly it's all over. The Justices are on their feet in their long robes. The clerk of the court is droning out something. Closing time.

As we came out of the Capitol we almost tripped over a mike on a stand. An N.B.C. truck was standing by, and a group of N.B.C. young men. We asked them what it was for. Mr. Something, the presidential announcer, was coming to broadcast the shooting of the starlings by the War Department at six o'clock sharp. We began to get indignant. Are they really, really going to shoot the starlings? "Naw, they're shootin' 'em with blanks."

And, sure enough, at six o'clock several parties in uniform began blazing away in the direction of the dome of the nation's Capitol. The blanks made a great racket. The starlings flew round and round the dome against the darkening lavender sky. They made a black chiding, chuckling cloud in the last light. When the blanks were all gone, they settled back into their places again.

Any Hotel Ballroom.—As there is no room for them in any government building, the code hearings take place in the ballrooms of the Washington hotels. In some of them the management has put up flags and patriotic bunting in their honor. At a long table at the end of the room sits the board, with the administrator or deputy administrator in the middle and his advisers and the representatives of the industry grouped about him like the apostles in da Vinci's "Last Supper." In front of that there is a press table, chairs for counsel and for people desiring to make remarks. The rest of the room is filled with rows of little gilt caterers' chairs for the public. At one end of the table glitter the shivering magic circles of the mike. Loudspeakers make it as easy (or as hard) to hear what is going on in the front cloakroom as in the front row. The proceedings have that faintly holiday air, felt dimly through a dense mist of boredom, of a high-school commencement. The boredom is the unconscious reaction of actors and spectators to the endless trail of bewildering and uncoördinated detail that flows from the typewritten sheets of a great variety of spokesmen for special interests who pour their "remarks" all day into the mike. It's like trying to take an inventory of somebody else's house. Attention sags under the infinite complexity of industrial life. You find yourself following the seasonal difficulties of the sardine canners of Eastport, Maine, of the Virginia and Carolina shrimp industry, of the producers of snapbeans in the Ozarks; you hear that the women who pit maraschino cherries are overworked and underpaid; you hear the San Jose fruit growers put forward their side of the case; you discover that the producers of pipe organs are in desperate straits; if a man could be found with

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the patience and application to listen, the whole pageant of American life would unroll for him in the pros and cons of the thousands of codes being unraveled in such gentlemanly style in these tastefully decorated Washington ballrooms.

It's only when representatives of the workers appear that things lose their cozy tone of Washington leisure. Then a certain bitterness enters into the discussion. The administrator sits up vigilant instead of leaning back drowsily in his chair. When the delegates of the automobile workers' unions appeared at the hearing of the body manufacturers' code in the sun-parlor of the Washington Hotel, there was a cop in the end of the room, possibly to protect the dozen representatives of the manufacturers and the ten dignitaries at the table from violence at the hands of the three union spokesmen. These men spoke grimly about the rise in the price of living outstripping the rise in wages, said that they were skilled workers at a trade that required long and difficult apprenticeship and that the code allowed them only the wages of unskilled workers. Women and Negroes were paid less for doing the same work. It was time a halt was called on the manufacturers' attack on the American standard of living. The administrator pounded on the table and said, "I will not have you people making speeches here . . . We are willing to listen to a statement of your views as to the facts, nothing more." "You'd better listen to us here than listen to us outside . . . You read about the riots in Paris? Well, the automobile workers'll have to do something like that if they can't get listened to any other way."

The Brass Hat.—General Johnson is the drum major of this vast parade. He is meeting the press in his handsome office in the vast new white Commerce Building which stands as a bulky monument to the departed Herbert Hoover. Bright snowy sunlight pours in under the green Venetian blinds, between the heavily draped curtains, onto the big desk, and reflects on the big knobby rambunctious face of the General. The photographers' flashlights keep bringing everything into sudden sharp relief, and shine bright on the thin head bald as an ostrich-egg of a photographer who has climbed on the radiator in the corner. Among the crowd of correspondents there moves a little man who has one of Dr. Solomon's buttonhole cameras hung round his neck. He is gleefully snapping everybody; the General, the secretaries, the reporters, even the solemn-looking eagle in basketwork that stands in the back of the room. The General talks, leaning across a desk piled high with codes in blue covers. He is amused, cheerful, resentful, tired, enthusiastic. Questions and answers come on and off like flashlight bulbs. One remark hangs a moment in the air. Manufacturers are going to be told they can't pile up stocks ahead; an industry's got to make what it sells and sell what it makes.

An indiscreet reporter elicits the information that the General only reads digests of the codes; his secretary puts a digest on top of each code. The General doesn't read the code unless something catches his interest.

After all, how could he?

The Line of Talk.—In the lobby of the hotel a white-haired old lady with a manner of speech from far south of the Mason and Dixon line is saying to another white-haired old lady: "My dear, the Senator has been so kind . . . he remembered dear Fred perfectly . . . he's going to take the matter up this mornin' at eleven-thirty . . . He invited me to come to his office."

In the waiting room at the Union Station a colored man in a frayed overcoat is saying to another colored man in a frayed overcoat: "Jobs . . . man there ain't no use to think about it . . . I doan know where you come from, but you better tun roun' an go back there while the goin's good. A man of color ain't got no more chance to git a job wid de Democrats than to—to—to git to be President."

In the newspapermen's club they are eating spaghetti and talking about the association of reporters and editorial writers that is being formed, no, of course it's not a labor union, it's a guild. But at another table they are talking about a real union the N.R.A. employees have formed. They discovered in one office girls being worked fourteen hours a day, seven days a week.

At the Metropolitan Club a tall man is talking over a plate of Chesapeake oysters: "But what government that has started on inflation has ever been able to resist the temptation to continue?"

At a Swedish restaurant bright young men from the economics departments of Middle Western colleges are arguing late over a long table from which the meal has been cleared away. "But can you see anything but brilliant improvisation and a juggler's skill in holding his audience?" "Well, I've seen Moscow and I've seen Germany, and I'm watching this Washington show as intently as I can, but for the life of me I can't tell the direction things are going." "You mean the left hand doesn't know what the right hand doeth?" "Neither does anybody else."

At a press conference an administrator is telling the reporters: "If the Republicans publish any more pamphlets like the last one, I'll believe Farley is subsidizing the Republican National Committee . . . I mean their stuff is so dumb it's a great help."

A Western Senator getting out of a taxicab where he's been talking about the French Revolution, being driven down the snowy avenue through the zero-cold night: "Well it's a great and terrible time to be alive. Something is going to happen in this great country and we are going to see it . . . I couldn't say just what."

Out of an armchair overlooking Lafayette Square: "Yes, people actually seem to walk faster than they did in Washington. Even in the Cosmos Club you see new youthful faces."

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A tall thin young farmer-laborite in lumberman's boots addressing the Unemployed Convention: "In Northern Minnesota we are slaves under the Steel Trust. The Steel Trust owns everything, runs everything. We know that Roosevelt says he is for the ordinary man; we try to believe in Roosevelt, but what we see is the Steel Trust."

Delano the Magician.—The ladies and gentlemen of the press stand round waiting or lounge on the leather settees in the cream-colored vestibule of the White House with its columns and police inspectors with brightly polished badges and its green carpets and its peculiarly Washington air of space and quiet. Just before the time they form up in two lines on either side of the door into the executive office. A secretary appears. The people in the lines get in first, the rest straggle after. In the executive office it's very light. There are electric lights in the octagonal glass and chromium chandelier overhead. Light pours in through the two tall windows behind the President's desk. You can't see him, you can only see the two flagstaffs with gold eagles on them that stand on either side of the desk. Then somebody moves his head. Through a canyon of cheeks, collars, ears, serge shoulders, you can see the desk. When the secretary into whose ear he has been whispering lifts his head, you can see beyond three pink carnations and a slight crinkle of cigarette smoke, Mr. Roosevelt's face. The glare of the snow on the lawn outside beats through the tracery of shrubs and tree branches and the oblong panes of the tall windows, and glows on the broad carefully shaved cheeks, and outlines the small nose as delicately cut as Andrew Jackson's. There are heavy shadows under the eyes. The face has a soft, powdered look, like an actor's face. His voice is fatherly-friendly, without strain, like the voice of the principal of a first-rate boy's school. He is talking. He is releasing a piece of news that will slap headlines on all the front pages in the country. He is setting off a bombshell. The ladies and gentlemen of the press lean forward happily. There's the headline for them, the front-page spread. Dazzled they watch the exciting red, white and blue streamers come out of the hat. Every pupil has a piece of candy to take home. When the President has briefly and concisely explained his piece of news, he leans back in his chair, takes a deep breath, puffs out his cheeks and lets the air out with the sudden puff of a man who's finished blowing up a toy balloon. The great headline hovers over the heads of the ladies and gentlemen of the press as they perfunctorily ask a few questions. Mr. Roosevelt answers them simply and unhurriedly as if he were sitting at a table talking to an old friend. He has the light, unworried smile of a man who's working hard and enjoying his work. There's a pause. Somebody looks at his watch. "Thank you, Mr. President," say the ladies and gentlemen of the press as they file out. Faces hide the desk between the drooping silk flags. As you go out, you get a glimpse of a set of early-nineteenth-century American prints round the walls of the tall spacious well lighted colonial office.

Washington. JOHN DOS PASSOS.

The Decline of a Brotherhood

A DECADE ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was making history—it had upset precedent by plunging into the presidential election on behalf of La Follette; it had already embarked on those enterprises that were to spread its banks and companies throughout the United States; publicists were hailing it as the forerunner of a new era in the relations between capital and labor. Today, the Brotherhood is also making history—but in quite a different manner. Its influence and prestige are perhaps lower than at any time since its founding in the '60's, and the collapse of its financial ventures has left it saddled with debt. With a declining, dissentient membership, with technological advances undercutting its economic base, it is already in that stage of sterility which presages eventual collapse and dissolution.

The situation in which the organization finds itself is directly attributable to the very activities that brought it so much notice and praise in the pre-depression days—its business activities: its banks, investment companies, real-estate developments, mail-order houses. Beginning in 1920, under the leadership of Warren S. Stone, it went head over heels into "labor capitalism," proclaiming to the world that instead of fighting capital, labor would now buy it out and so effect the transfer of economic and political power. Stone remarked, "Running a bank is like running a peanut stand—only more peanut stands go out of business," and on that basis over a dozen Brotherhood banks, with resources totaling $53 million, were organized in various cities throughout the country.

Success came so easily that eleven investment companies, with capital of $34 million, were added. Real estate came next: Park Lane Villa, an apartment house in an exclusive section in Cleveland, was built at a cost of over two million dollars; the Equitable Building in New York City was purchased for $38 million; Coal River Collieries, coal mines that were operated open-shop by the Brotherhood, were bought for $3 million; the Standard Trust Bank Building in Cleveland was completed in 1925 at a cost in excess of $6 million. The climax

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was the famous Venice, Florida, project that cost the organization $16 million. In all, about $125 million was involved in the various Brotherhood projects—although not all of this money came from funds of the Brotherhood or its members. Indeed, the greater portion of it came from the public.

Shortly after the Florida deal the whole structure began to crumble. The Brotherhood's Philadelphia bank surrendered to the Mitten interests; two months later the Coal River Collieries went into receivership. In the meantime the bottom had dropped out of the Florida boom. By June, 1927, when the fifth triennial convention met, the situation had become so serious that the law firm of Squires, Sanders and Dempsey, which enjoys a high reputation in Cleveland, was commissioned to investigate the state of the Brotherhood's finances. Their report advised immediate withdrawal from the financial field, declaring, "A review of what has taken place within the membership since the death of Mr. Arthur [former head of the Brotherhood who died in 1903] impresses us that the Brotherhood has been undertaking to do and carry on business that members thereof were never trained to carry on, and that through Mr. Stone's leadership you have been fast going toward the rocks."

Their words were prophetic. Within the next few years the B. of L.E. Realty Corporation (which held the Florida land), the Brotherhood Holding Company and the Brotherhood Investment Company all went into bankruptcy and the banks either went out of existence or were taken over by private interests—usually at great losses to the Brotherhood. The final blow came in December, 1931, when the Standard Trust Bank (successor to the original Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Cooperative National Bank) failed with over $12 million in deposits, including $2 million of Brotherhood funds. In addition, the organization became liable for $407,000 because of its stock holdings in the defunct bank.

Because of these reverses the financial standing of the B. of L.E. has been ruined. On December 31, 1932, the total liabilities of all Brotherhood enterprises stood at nearly $14 million, $9,428,000 in excess of assets. In order to keep operating, the Grand Office has had to borrow heavily from banks connected with the *railroad* industry.

In addition to direct Brotherhood losses the members themselves, as individuals, have lost heavily. Thousands of them put their life savings into Brotherhood projects, thinking them better and safer than the ordinary run of investments. Their losses, according to a delegate at the 1927 convention, totaled $30 million. The figure may have been exaggerated then, but it is close to the truth now, with the failure of all the financial projects and the Standard Trust Bank. The members' losses in the latter were greatly increased by a letter, sent out to them just before the bank closed by James H. Cassell, general secretary-treasurer of the B. of L.E., asking local divisions to deposit their funds with the bank. The letter added ironically that since so many banks were failing it would be good policy for the divisions to put their funds in a "safe" bank. Many divisions already had funds there and others were brought in by Cassell's letter. When the bank closed less than a month later, the Brotherhood members found that the funds they had built up to take care of themselves while they were sick or unemployed were wiped out!

The members' losses did not stop with the bank failure, however. Since 1872 the Brotherhood had maintained an insurance department which was built up until its receipts and disbursements exceeded one million dollars a month during its heyday. Since 1912 it had maintained a pension department to help take care of retired engineers. By these benefits it had attracted thousands of members whom it could not have obtained on a purely labor basis (the Brotherhood does not operate on the closed-shop principle). These funds, so carefully built up over decades, were not, however, sacred to the "labor capitalists." When their financial projects bogged down they drained the department treasuries, with the result that when their banks failed, the pension and insurance departments collapsed—the latter with over $130 million of insurance in force.

Perhaps the membership would have been willing to write off these losses with good grace, as the result of well intentioned ignorance, had it not been for the discovery that their own officials were actually profiting from their misfortunes. In the Coal River Collieries transaction, for instance, both Stone and William B. Prenter (who succeeded Stone as president upon the latter's death in 1925) made a personal profit of over $50,000 each, although the members lost $3 million in the deal. Several Brotherhood officials were designated to represent the organization on the board of directors of the Empire Trust Company, New York City, in which the Brotherhood had invested $10 million. When it was discovered that the directors' qualifying shares could be sold at $100 profit on each share, several of the officials sold their stock, blandly indifferent to their responsibilities to the organization. In 1926 the Equitable Building was sold at a ridiculously low price (within a week after the sale the stock rose from $53 to $91 a share) and the grateful purchasers, headed by LeRoy W. Baldwin, presented each of the fourteen Brotherhood officers with from $2,000 to $2,500. When they were called to book for it by the 1927 convention Prenter declared, "I took mine and it's nobody's damned business." Most of the others promised to return it when the convention demanded that the money be turned over to the organization's treasury.

Prenter and his associates were ousted by the convention, of course, and a "reform" ticket, headed by Alvanley Johnston, the present head, was elected. No sooner were the delegates out of Cleveland than

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Johnston made a deal with Claudius Huston (who was later forced off the Republican National Committee for his financial manipulations) giving him charge of all the Brotherhood's extra-labor enterprises and giving him half the profits that would accrue from their sale. When this was exposed at the 1930 convention it was also revealed that Johnston and his fellow officers had not turned over their share of the "Baldwin gift," as had been ordered by the previous convention, but had kept it in the bank "in trust"—but in trust for whom the investigating committee was unable to determine. Unable to dabble in high finance, officers were found to have padded their expense accounts liberally, charging the Brotherhood for wardrobe trunks, suit cleaning and laundry, while their railroad fares were twice and three times those paid by ordinary passengers!

Compared with the gigantic losses of the Stone-Prenter regime these were small change, and the membership so regarded them, even while warning the officials that they must toe the line of official morality a little more closely in the future. That attitude vanished when the Standard Trust Bank failed and it was revealed not only that the bank officials, including several Brotherhood officers, had drawn out the bulk of their deposits before the bank closed, but that they had also lent to themselves and their friends nearly $3 million on little or no security. When the bank closed, four Brotherhood officials alone had loans outstanding totaling nearly $100,000, loans either unsecured or backed by collateral whose market value was but a fraction of the amount of the loans. One million dollars had been loaned to Standard Corporation without investigating the financial condition of the corporation, and the Brotherhood had been made liable for $904,000 in notes of the corporation endorsed by the officers without the fact being reported to the 1930 convention. The affairs of the bank were so obviously mismanaged that the county grand jury investigated and returned indictments for fraud against nine of the bank's officials, including Grand Chief Engineer Alvanley Johnston and General Secretary Cassell of the B. of L.E., the bank president, C. Stirling Smith, a close friend of Johnston, and Dale Winslow, the auditor. Johnston, Smith and Winslow have been found guilty but not yet sentenced. The jury disagreed in regard to Cassell.

While the 1933 convention was in uproar over the indictment of the Brotherhood officials it was disclosed that Johnston and Smith had conspired to hide from the membership a $450,000 loan from the Equitable Trust Company of New York and that Smith had declared in a letter to an official of the Chase National Bank that Johnston was actively working for a reduction in railroad workers' wages before the railroads asked for such a reduction.

These disclosures, coupled with the failure of the convention to "clean house" both in policies and leadership, destroyed the morale of the membership. By the end of 1933 the total membership had slid down to around 60,000—a third below the peak total of 1924, and thousands more were on their way out. The drop in membership is all the more ominous since motor truck, bus and airplane competition, together with technological advances in railroading, are daily reducing the number of locomotive engineers needed to operate the railroads. Since the Brotherhood refuses to organize the workers of these competitive agencies and since it is drawing in no new blood, it means that the organization will steadily decline. Among the members who still remain within the Brotherhood there is sullenness and dissension, for they mistrust their leaders yet cannot openly criticize them for fear of expulsion or discrimination. In the East and Middle West "social clubs," embracing both firemen and engineers, have been organized, having for their real purpose the uniting of the two crafts in one union and the setting up of a more responsible leadership, but as yet they are weak and divided on what program can gain their ends.

While the Brotherhood is thus rent from within, it is also the subject of vigorous attacks from the outside. Not only have other labor organizations begun campaigns to win away its members, but it has been particularly hard hit by an anti-union drive recently initiated by the railroads. Heading this movement is Leonor F. Loree, the bitterly anti-union head of the Delaware and Hudson and dominating figure on the Kansas City Southern management. While other roads were signing the Chicago Wage Agreement (providing for a 10-percent reduction in wages) Loree served notice that he was installing on the D. and H. new schedules abolishing the old mileage basis of pay and various working rules that the company found irksome. It was a direct challenge to the train and engine-service brotherhoods, of which the B. of L.E., is supposedly the leader; for the new schedules drastically reduced wages, speeded up the workers, increased unemployment and discarded working conditions that were the fruits of long years of struggle and effort. Since the brotherhoods accepted this state of affairs with but perfunctory protest, other roads have considered following suit. The resentment that the workers felt against the roads is now turned against their own organizations. They feel there is no use belonging to a labor union if the union will not protect their rights.

In the face of this crisis the leadership continues in its old way. Apart from questions of honesty and sincerity, it does not even see the necessity for having a philosophy radically different from that of the Morgans and Hoovers. The only hopeful elements in the situation is that a portion of the rank and file realize the need for unity and militancy. They are already laying the groundwork for a broader organization, with new blood and a new outlook, uniting both engineers and firemen, to be ready to defend the interests of the workers.

JAMES STEELE.

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Three Types of Poetry[1]

Preface

IN THESE essays I propose to discuss three types of poetry, which are actually the three general attitudes of the spirit that seem to me to be possible in the modern world. I do not mean to say that they are all equally possible historically. We happen at this moment to be dominated by the scientific spirit, or the spirit of the practical will. We cannot arbitrarily restore either of the other attitudes to power. I mean rather that in the past—and it may occur again in the future—our civilization has been dominated in turn by the one or the other of the two remaining attitudes. A hundred and fifty years ago arose the spirit of romantic irony, the last echoes of which we hear today. Before that we had, most notably in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the creative spirit. However, it is quite possible that traces of romantic irony are to be found in the age of Elizabeth; there are genuine creative spirits alive today; the spirit of the practical will has existed as long as men have lived. It is all a question of balance, focus, emphasis. I am less concerned with the history of the three attitudes than with their ideal connections. These connections it is my purpose to discuss here.

I propose to discuss them as they are related to poetry. It will be necessary to bear in mind two propositions, with some brief commentary upon them.

First, the power of seizing upon the inward meaning of experiences, the power of sheer creation, which I shall call the vision of the whole of life, is strictly *a quality of the imagination*. The apologists of science often speak as if this were the scientific attitude, because the aim of science is to produce a statistical whole for the service of the practical will. But the real whole of life is the wholeness of vision at any one moment, yielding us the total quality of that moment; it may be conveyed in a poem of four or six lines, or in an epic of twelve books; or the twelve books may contain less of it than the four lines. Blake's "To the Accuser" is the total vision in eight lines; Darwin's "The Loves of the Plants" is the aimlessly statistical vision (semi-science) in a number of lines that I never expect to count.

Second, there is a surer grasp of the totality of experience in Wyatt's "To His Lute" than in Shelley's "Adonais." (The poems, too long to quote, are easily accessible.) I state this proposition by example because it is the heart of the problem. We must understand clearly that such lines as

> Life like a dome of many-colored glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity

are not poetry, but are the frustrated individual will trying to compete with science. The will asserts a rhetorical proposition about the whole of life, where the imagination is incapable of seizing that whole implicitly. If the lines were an integral part of a genuine poem, the question of their specific merit as truth or falsehood would not arise. The question does arise because the idea that they set forth, and other similar ideas, must be accepted before we can accept the poem; this makes the poem a kind of science. The lines are not a quality of the whole poem; they are willfully asserted for the purpose of heightening a subject that the poet has not implicity imagined.

It was this quality of modern poetry that Arnold had in mind, or doubtless should have had, when he remarked that the romantics "did not know enough." Nor have we known enough since that time. Arnold wrote, later, that the Victorian critics permit the poet "to leave poetic sense ungratified, provided that he gratifies their rhetorical sense and their curiosity." If we assume for the moment that the term rhetoric must have an invidious meaning, I think we may understand Arnold somewhat in this fashion: that rhetoric is a forcing of the subject of a poem beyond its implicit meaning, for the sake of appealing to the curiosity of the reader. The reader's curiosity is motivated by his will.

"For what is rhetoric," wrote W. B. Yeats at the beginning of the present century, "but the will trying to do the work of the imagination?" When the will does this, it is doing the work of science; and when the science is adequately informed, we get the naïve optimism of the will that until recently, at any rate, dominated our age. But when the will supplants the imagination in poetry, the task of the poet, because his instrument is not adequate to his purpose, is bound to be frustrated: we get that quality of literature known as romantic irony, which is, of course, derivative of the scientific spirit. The pure scientific spirit I shall call in these papers, without much regard for accuracy, a positive Platonism, or a naïve confidence in the limitless power of man to impose practical abstractions upon the world. The romantic spirit is a negative Platonism, or disillusionment with this program. The creative spirit, on the other hand, occupies an aloof middle ground between these

[1] These essays were written before Mr. Horace Gregory's essay, "A Defense of Poetry," was published in The New Republic of October 1, 1933. I think they will clarify, for the reader and for Mr. Gregory himself, the misunderstanding of my position to which, it seems to me, he commits himself in that essay.

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positions; its function is the quality of experience and not its control by the will.

The first paper will be a discussion of the relation of science to allegory: how the scientist makes good the primitive allegorist's futile assertion of control over nature. But the discussion will have to be merely suggestive, and brief.

I

Dante distinguished two kinds of allegory. Religious allegory is both literally and figuratively true; we are to believe that the events of the story happened. But poetical allegory is true only in the figurative sense. The derivative meanings, called by Dante the moral and the anagogical, are legitimate, indeed they are the highest meanings; but they lean upon no basis of fact. Although poetical allegory is not popular today, it is the only sort that we can conceive. When the medieval allegorist used the Bible, it never entered his head that he was not using historical fact; and he could bring the same mentality to bear upon material that even we, who are sophisticated, recognize as historical.

But a modern poet, attempting allegory, undoes the history. We accept his figures and images as amiable make-believe, knowing that fact and figure have no real connection, simply because there is nothing but fact. About this fact science alone can instruct us, not with a fundamentally different kind of instruction but with the same kind, more systematic and efficient. When the author of the popular poem, "John Brown's Body," shows us the machine age growing out of Brown's body, we know that nothing of the sort happened, and we ask for the more enlightened view of the facts available in the scientific historians.

It is the kind of poetry that is primarily allegorical that seems to me to be inferior. It is inferior as science, and it is inferior as poetry. Mere allegory is a vague and futile kind of ethics. And because its primary direction is towards that oversimplification of life which is the mark of the scientific will, it is a one-sided poetry, ignoring the whole vision of experience. Although "The Divine Comedy" is allegorical, I think if it were mainly so it would not be one of the great poems of all time. It came out of an age whose mentality held the allegorical view of experience as easily as we hold the causal and scientific; yet in Dante, allegory never rises to an insubordinate place, but consistently occupies a secondary place, from which we must derive it by main force. That special organization of the mind is gone, apparently, forever. When allegory has appeared in our own tradition, it has produced work of inferior quality. Chaucer, in the age of allegory, stood, according to Professor W. C. Curry, apart from the naïve use of allegory, using its material as the framework of realism. A view of "Paradise Lost" as allegory seems to me to be quite untenable (see "A Note on Milton," The New Republic, November 20, 1931). The monument of allegory in English literature is "The Faërie Queene," which I shall refer to again in a moment. Great as it is, it does not alter my belief that allegory in the Anglo-American tradition is the prevalent exception, not the distinguished rule.

There is, however, a general sense in which all literature may be apprehended as allegory, and that sense provides the popular level of literary appreciation. When certain moral ideas preponderate over others in any kind of literature, the crudely practical reader abstracts them, and contents himself with the illusion that they are the total meaning of the work. The naïve Roman Catholic may see only this phase of Dante, who for him might as well have written a tract. Now when the preponderance of meanings receives from the author himself the seal of his explicit approval (in which the villain is punished, the hero rewarded) in face of the immense complication of life as a whole, then the work tends towards allegory. It is written in the interest of social, moral and religious ideas apart from which it has neither existence nor significance. And it is esthetic creation at a low level of intensity. If the intention is innocent, the result is didacticism; if it is deliberate and systematic, and calculated to move people into some definite course of action, we get what is called in our time propaganda.

Didactic and propagandist works frequently have great artistic merit and power. Such different works as "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "An American Tragedy" are overwhelming evidence of this. Yet they are both works of inferior motivation and intensity. The perception of merit in this kind of writing has become a pretext, in our age, for believing that their defects, chiefly the defect of "propaganda," are a primary motive of all literature whatsoever. When the deficiency or impurity of inspiration is not forthright, it is nevertheless assumed as present but concealed: this is the kind of propaganda that is supposedly written from the security of a ruling class.

Pure allegory differs from this kind of writing in that the preponderance of meaning is wholly revealed; the characters, images, symbols, ideas, are simple, and are capable of being restated in a paraphrase that exhausts their entire meaning; they stand, not in themselves, but merely for something else. "The Faërie Queene" belongs to this class of allegory. The summary remarks that I shall make about that great poem by no means encompass it; there is more to say that would not be to my purpose.

The structural feature that first impresses the reader of the poem is the arbitrary length of each canto; there is no reason inherent in the narrative why a canto should not be longer or shorter than it is. The characters in the story remain homogeneous throughout; that is to say, they suffer no dramatic alteration; an episode ends when they

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have acted out enough of the moral to please the poet. Thus the story has no meaning apart from the preconceived abstractions, which we may call Renaissance Platonism or any other suitable name, so long as we remember that the ideas suffer no shock and receive no complication in contact with the narrative. The narrative lacks inner necessity, existing as pure illustration. The capacity of the poet to adorn the "philosophy" was illimitable, and terminated only with his death, which prevented completion of the poem.

One must remember that this type of allegory has predominated in our tradition. Anglo-American literature, with the possible exception, at his high moments, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has not given us allegory of the Dantesque order. I allude here not to Dante's versification and style, but to his ability to look into a specific experience and to recreate it in such a way that its meaning is nowhere distinct from its specific quality. The allegorical interpretation is secondary. We get a genuine creation of the imagination. We get, in the Spenserian allegory, a projection of the will.

The quality and intention of the allegorical will are the intention and quality of the will of science. With allegory the image is not a complete, qualitative whole; it is an abstraction calculated to force the situation, upon which it is imposed, towards a single direction. In the sixteenth century science proper had achieved none of its triumphs. The primitive allegorist had before him no standard by which he could measure the extent of his failure to find the right abstractions for the control of nature. He could spin out his tales endlessly in serene confidence of their "truth." But by the end of the eighteenth century his optimism had waned; it had passed to the more efficient allegorist of nature, the modern scientist.

Now in a poet like Dante we may say that there is an element of science in so far as the allegorical interpretation is possible: "The Divine Comedy" has something to say, not only to our naïve Roman Catholic, but to the ordinary man whose prepossessions are practical, and whose literary appreciation is limited by the needs of his own will; in other words, the poem has a moral, a set of derivative ideas that seem to the reader to be relevant to practical conduct. But to say this is not to say, with most schools of modern criticism, that it is the primary significance of the work. For Dante is a creative poet; the didactic element is in solution with the other elements, and may be said barely to exist in itself, since it must be isolated by the violence of the reader's own will.

There is therefore a distinction to be drawn between a kind of writing in which allegorical meanings, if they are really present, are latent, and pure and explicit allegory. It is the difference between works of the creative imagination and the inferior works of the practical will. The reader will recall my first proposition: the power of creating the inner meaning of experience is strictly a quality of the imagination. It is not a construction of the will, that perpetual modernism in which, however vast may be the physical extent of the poet's range, the poet ignores the whole of experience for some special interest. This modern literature of Platonism —a descriptive term used to set apart a kind of work in which the meanings are forced—carries with it its own critical apparatus. It is known at present as the revolutionary or social point of view. Since the rise of applied science it has been also the "capitalist" point of view. For our whole culture seems to be obsessed by a type of literature that is a mere derivative of the allegorical mentality.

By the time of Dryden allegory of the medieval variety had lost its prestige; we get the political fables of "The Hind and the Panther," of "Absolom and Achitaphel," where the intention is overtly fictitious and local, with no pretense of universal truth. By the end of the next century the Platonic conquest of the world, the confident assertion of control over the forces of nature, had contrived a system of abstractions exact enough to assume the new name of science. In poetry the allegorical mentality, which had hitherto used all the crude science available, lost confidence in its unexperimental ideas. The poetical assertion of the will took the form of revolt from its more successful counterpart, science. We find here two assertions of the same aberrant will, diverging for the first time. The scene is laid for the quality of poetry known as romantic irony, which I shall look at in the next essay. ALLEN TATE.

[*This is the first of a series of three essays by Mr. Tate. The second will appear in an early issue.* —THE EDITORS.]

Washington Notes

Vetoes for Veterans—All's Not Cash That Is Figures—Out of the Fish Bowl into the Fire

THERE is no knowing what Mr. Roosevelt will do to nullify the action of the Senate in tearing to pieces his Economy Act under pressure from the veterans' lobby. The prediction of those closest to him is that if he is unable to eliminate the devastatingly big appropriations either in the Conference Committee or by House control, he will veto the whole Independent Office Bill, to which the veterans' appropriations were attached as riders. This may easily have occurred before this piece is printed, and if it does, of course the veto will have been sustained.

There is, however, a feeling that the President is somewhat pleased at the chance to exercise the veto power. The argument is that, up to now, he has had the coöperation of Congress and has gone out of his way to commend that body for its patriotic and non-partisan attitude in supporting his program. But when Congress deliberately departs from that attitude and attempts to scuttle the program, what better opening, his friends ask, could the President

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desire? In the end, he would both have his way and neatly demonstrate two advantageous things. First, he would exhibit himself to the people generally as a fighter; they dearly love a fighter and in any contest between the President and Congress, popular feeling is always with the former. Second, he would show Congress the futility of bucking the White House, teach it a needed lesson, and probably have no more trouble with it—at any rate, not for so long as his prestige remained high and no crack appeared in the recovery.

Thus the argument runs, and I must admit it is plausible, almost convincing. There is, however, another side. Roosevelt's real disposition is to conciliate and compromise rather than "crack down." His talents are those of a pacifier and his best results have always been achieved in that way. The idea of those who hold this view of Mr. Roosevelt is that the present situation, which seems pretty serious, will in the end be solved by another compromise. The President will appeal personally to his senatorial friends, will offer to go halfway to meet them, concede this and that, gradually bring them around without the straight-out, knock-down fight in the open which—though victorious—would leave a lot of sore spots and cause unwanted delay. It will soon be decided which policy he intends to pursue.

The principal fact obscured by this struggle seems to be that even if the President does win his fight to prevent the elimination of almost all the savings made by the Economy Act in the matter of veterans' compensation, he has himself already made sufficient concessions to wreck all the earlier calculations in his budget message two months ago. The total cut in the veteran load last year was approximately $420 million. The Congress in the last week of the last session wiped out nearly $70 million of that sum. Since then, through adjusments made by various boards, through executive orders and concessions made by the administration to the American Legion program, nearly $70 million more had been restored. Then, on top of this, the Senate broke away from administration control last week and put some $100 million back for Spanish War veterans, "presumptives" and widows. The point I am making is that at best nearly half of the $420 million cut from the veterans has already gone back to them.

There is not much use writing about anything else in Washington this week because at the moment the financial situation thus created is absorbing the interest of nearly everyone, obscuring the air-mail investigation, the Securities Bill fight and even the N.R.A. five-ring circus conducted by the fascinating General Johnson on the goldfish-bowl principle. The more thoughtful men in the administration are deeply concerned because they believe that the whole Roosevelt financial program hinges upon his keeping control of the normal, governmental running expenses, as segregated from the emergency or non-recurring expenditures. Once the former get away from him and the normal budget is clearly out of balance, banks may still further tighten up, which would enormously increase the difficulties of floating the great borrowings of the Treasury this year.

Feeling on this subject ranges between wide extremes. There are some who are convinced that if the Senate action even measurably sticks, the insolvency of the government will be so obvious as to force us toward a ruinous and uncontrolled inflation. Others ridicule this notion as "jittery" and maintain that it is absurd to think that a government planning to spend $10,000 million in a year need worry about the addition of a couple of hundred millions distributed among men who need money. On the contrary, it is urged, such distribution is as good as, if not better than, most of the ways in which the administration is now pouring money out. If the idea is to increase consumer buying power, what better way, it is asked, can be found than putting a little money in the hands of the boys who wore the uniform—particularly as it is conceded that there were many injustices in the reduction last year. The fallacy in this argument is that the government has really spent very little and is not planning to spend nearly so much as is supposed. Most of the $10,000 million in the budget means merely a transfer of debts from private hands to the government and involves no spending at all. The President, of course, regards it as vital that Congress should not extravagantly exceed the schedule of appropriations he has asked of it. It is perfectly clear that Congress will exceed that schedule. The question is by how much.

There is, naturally, some margin for which Mr. Roosevelt must have allowed. I do not exactly share the views of those who think calamity must follow if he is unable to keep appropriations within the exact limits he has prescribed. Actual expenditures will of course make his budget figures appear fantastic, and the great feat of reducing the cost of government by $1,000 million, upon which his early popularity was based, will appear a joke. But the nation will not fall to pieces as a result, and, if the return of real prosperity by 1936, upon which the entire program hinges, materializes in a big way, it will enable us to swing the reimposed veteran load along with the rest. I do not want to be understood as advocating the Senate action or as regarding the tearing down of the governmental economies as without danger. On the contrary, it seems to me a rotten thing to have done, and the politics of the regular Republicans in throwing their weight solidly on that side appears utterly indefensible and unworthy.

To touch upon another subject, for which there is little space left, I must say I was not greatly impressed by General Johnson's call for criticism in the N.R.A. meeting of the week. The nimble way in which the General sought to forestall his critics by piling all the criticism into his opening speech and then proposing an allegedly new twelve-point program to correct all inequalities, shortcomings, injustices and blunders, was very cute indeed. However, it was just so many words, and the real test will come in the meeting next week, when the code authorities and code makers meet here in an effort to do something. If the General can really make his action next week square with his words of this week, there will be general cause for gratification, because he has undoubtedly neatly thrown a verbal sop to every dissatisfied and resentful element, of which there are many. Unfortunately there seems no real reason for believing he will be able to do this with any greater success in the next nine months than he has in the last, despite his accumulated wealth of experience and trouble. However, we all wish him luck.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Morgans to Stay at the Old Stand—Strains on the Family Tie—Mr. Eccles Rides Two Horses

IT LOOKS as if facts and events would prove too stubborn for the Wall Street lawyers. There is not the slightest doubt that it is these gentlemen who have been squealing loudest about the Securities Act. They have been far more zealous than the clients they strive to protect in their use of the broadax and the bowie knife against this Act. I have talked with both the lawyers and their clients, and the former are very much more concerned for the future of American financing than the bankers who pay their fees. The lawyers have been telling us in ominous tones that hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of bonds will fall due this year and that the corporations that owe them will not be able to arrange for refinancing because no bankers, no directors, no accountants, will take a chance under the cruel penalties of the Securities Act. Well, time has a way of going on and it has caught up with the lawyers. In other words, it was well enough to hold up this bogie before the moment for heavy refinancing arrived. But now it is here. Soon we shall see what really happens.

The hour of decision approaches for many persons. For instance, the great House of Morgan must soon put off immortality and put on mortality. In short, it must decide, under the Glass-Steagall Act, whether it will continue to function as a bank or simply as a security investor's bazaar. What to do? Such a hard decision to make! But I have a notion that the decision has been made. This is just a guess, but I think the House of Morgan will go out of the banking business—at least directly. It will continue to be a house of issue. This guess is based purely on a simple incident.

When the investment bankers were drawing their code it was suggested that a member of the firm of Morgan should go on the committee. The obvious member for the committee, Mr. George Whitney, was selected. He is the active manager in fact, if not in name, of the security business of the Morgans. Also he is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of the Morgan partners. Some would award that distinction to Mr. Thomas W. Lamont. Mr. Lamont, of course, understands better than the others what goes on inside the skull of that monster, the public. He is the liaison officer between the Morgans and all lesser groups of mankind. But it is Whitney who is the organizing brains of the institution.

He was the proper man for the committee, to be sure, but there was a slight catch about it. After all, there was his brother Richard Whitney representing the Stock Exchange and making no great shakes of the job. Richard is not so brilliant in finance as his Morgan brother. What is more, Wall Street is pretty well on to him. He would probably be eased out as president of the Exchange if it were not that a revolution there is impossible. So, to put Brother George on the banker's committee—might that not subject the poor investment bankers to some of the same unfortunate kind of publicity that Brother Richard was giving the Exchange?

If the Morgans were going to get out of the security business and remain in the banking business, the problem would have been settled quickly enough. Brother George would simply not have served. What is more, no Morgan member would be on the committee if the Morgans were not going to hold the fort as investment bankers. Hence the presence on the committee of Mr. George Whitney—despite the fame of Brother Richard—may be taken as an evidence that the Morgans are not going to give up their stall in the big stock, bond and participation market in Wall Street.

However, we shall probably miss Mr. Morgan himself. When the whole business is over, and the commoners down in Washington have had done with things which do not concern them, and the great banking house has been reorganized, and the last clerk has been given his new assignment, Mr. John Pierpont Morgan the Second, better known as Jack, will put his luggage on the "Corsair" and sail away to Merrie England where he purposes to spend the rest of his days in the only role for which he really longs—that of English squire. At least so I am informed.

I have been knocking about a bit in Salt Lake City. And of course I asked with interest about Mr. M. S. Eccles, who was named by Mr. Morgenthau to be chief fiscal adviser of the Treasury to succeed the ill starred Mr. Earle Bailie. Having got Bailie out of the big building where Mr. Morgenthau reigns, the administration went as far away from Wall Street as it could get for his successor. Of Mr. Eccles I learn that he is a young man who inherited a large fortune and who has done exceedingly well with it. And better still, that he has thought a little about the mess we are in and the economic system that has had something to do with it. His friends here class him as something of a radical as bankers go. I have not the slightest doubt that he is a liberal-minded, questioning and able fellow. Therefore I wish him well.

But I would like to make one request of him. Out in Utah he is the head of the First Securities Corporation, a holding company that owns a string of banks. I think it is possible to get up a pretty good two-sided debate on unit banking versus branch banking. But it seems to me there is only one side to the subject of holding-company banking. It is entirely possible for an honest man to run a holding-company banking system, but the device itself is still an invitation to the dishonest man. Worse, it is an invitation to the adventurous promoter. You can't open this system of banking to the honest man without opening it to the promoter too.

The experience of Detroit cries out to the nation a warning about holding-company banking. Mr. Eccles now is in a position of power. This administration's leading men will set the fashions in business ethics and business standards. The fact that the New Deal went to an exponent of holding-company banking for its fiscal adviser will be used as a universal defense of this device. I think it would be a grand idea if Mr. Eccles would demobilize his holding-company string. Make a pure branch-banking system of the banks, perhaps, but cut the holding company adrift. I don't see how any man with advanced notions about our cock-eyed financial system can be also an apostle of the holding company in banks.

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Labor and the N.R.A.

The Mask of Statistics—"The Noise of Murmurings Is Not Hid"—New Teeth for a Timid Jaw

IN SENATOR Wagner's recent report to President Roosevelt on the work of the National Labor Board system during its initial six months, we have the first detailed picture of how labor has fared under the collective-bargaining provisions of the Recovery Act. The statistics presented in the study, though not so informative as they might be, are complete enough to leave little doubt about the serious inadequacy of Section 7a. To be sure, this hardly needed to be proved; Weir, Budd, Ford and Frick have already done that, and done it effectively. But the newspapers, in featuring these more dramatic cases, have obscured the fact that they were merely symptomatic of a general breakdown of the Labor Boards. Senator Wagner's report shows that for each big Weirton there were at least a hundred obscured, inglorious little cases.

In the six months ending February 1, the National Labor Board and seventeen of its eighteen Regional Labor Boards handled 1,818 disputes involving a total of 914,000 workers. Of these cases, Senator Wagner states, "69 percent (1,253) were settled. Altogether about 650,000 workers have been put back to work or kept at work, or had their less acute disputes adjusted." Of the 264,000 workers who went on strike and, as of February 1, had not got their jobs back, about 164,000 were involved in disputes then pending while the remaining 100,000 came under cases, "which dragged on, where no definite solution could be enforced, or where some adjustment resulted whose terms were not reported to the Boards."

The preceding summary places the work of the Boards in the best possible light. Yet Senator Wagner says frankly that this record "has a disquieting aspect. Its percentage of settlements is too low, and some of the settlements have been unsatisfactory." And on analysis, some of the statements in the summary turn out to be even more disquieting.

Take, for example, the estimate of settlements. The report lists two kinds: by agreement and by decision. When a labor dispute is settled by either of these means, it is reasonable to suppose that the settlement is satisfactory, especially if it is by agreement. But how many of the settlements with which Senator Wagner credits the Boards—1,253—can be so classified? Only 919: 636 by agreement; 283 by decision.

This leaves 334 cases that cannot properly be called settlements at all. The statistical summary in the report, it is interesting to observe, does not even note their existence, let alone tell how they were treated. Presumably these 334 disputes were ended by so-called "adjustments"—with terms and conditions unknown to the Boards. They were settled only in the sense that they were taken off the hands of the Boards—perhaps through the capitulation of the workers. There is no evidence that the workers made any gains through collective bargaining in these cases.

What this means, in brief, is that bona-fide settlements were limited to 919 out of 1,818 cases. The percentage, instead of being 69, is nearer 50. It is also interesting to note that the National Labor Board, in its first three months, settled (either by agreement or decision) 104 out of 155 cases before it—roughly 70 percent. In its second three months it settled only 28 out of 86—less than a third. Senator Wagner calls attention to this tendency of industry to resist more deliberately the mediation efforts of the N.R.A. "The statistics," he says, "bear out what the Boards in many regions have been reporting for some time; namely, that the willingness to use the Boards, displayed by the majority, is encountering the impediment of a small minority whose desire for industrial peace is not uppermost. This impediment is increasing."

As to the causes of the disputes, three-quarters of all the cases involved the denial of the rights of self-organization and collective bargaining contained in Section 7a of the Recovery Act. A growing complaint, the Board says, "is reduced *weekly* earnings from the shorter work week under the industrial codes." It should be added that, in one direction, the Regional Boards have been modestly helpful. They have succeeded in reinstating a total of 6,852 workers who had been discharged for discrimination, or laid off, or debarred from work for other causes that the Boards found unjustified.

Part of the difficulty has already been remedied by the President's order making the decisions of the Labor Board final and removing the Board from the control of the Compliance Board of the N.R.A. But the lesson of the first six months remains inescapable. Both the National and Regional Labor Boards are still without fundamental authority. Their powers are neither clearly defined nor implemented to enforce decisions. They have few investigators, no power to punish for contempt or to subpoena.

Some of these weaknesses will no doubt be corrected in the new Labor Disputes Bill which Senator Wagner has just introduced in the Senate. It aims to clarify the purpose and define more precisely the right of collective bargaining contained in Section 7a, and to attempt forbidding company unions altogether. But before this bill is hailed as another Magna Carta for labor, it is well to observe that its usefulness will depend, not on what it says but on how it is enforced.

The National Labor Board, for example, has advised prosecution of manufacturers in several instances where it believed clear violations of Section 7a could be proved. But the established policy of the administration has been to avoid testing the Recovery Act in the courts. For instance, in December the Weirton case was taken out of the hands of the Attorney General by President Roosevelt, who tried to settle the dispute by inviting Mr. Weir personally to the White House. Now, after more than two months of delay and futile negotiations, the case has again been referred to the Department of Justice. But unless the administration overcomes its reluctance to go into court, the whole situation is stalemated. The Weirton dispute is a good example because the government has an excellent case—even as Section 7a is now written. What is lacking is the desire to prosecute. If this attitude continues, Senator Wagner's new bill will speedily become as meaningless as its predecessor.

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The Latest Helen

JOHN ERSKINE had a bright idea. It communicated to him the truth that while men's lives come to an end, women's never do. Women remain ready for new experiences till the last at least. And having at his command the resources and opportunities of the Juilliard School of Music, and possessing a peculiar gift of gab and smartness, he materialized his conception in the form of an operatic libretto about the latter days of Helen of Troy. Its first act presented the embodiment of ungovernable and ultimately destructive beauty's gay return from the inhumation of Menelaus and the subsequent scandal—to the elders—of her resolution to voyage alive to the Isles of the Blessed in search of the still virginal soul of Achilles. Its second displayed the apathy of the heroes in Hades, stirred only by remnants of their ancient rivalries over Helen; the confusion that followed her descent among the unwilling shades; her rape of the big bully; and her reascent to earth in his embrace. Act III exhibited her waxing boredom with the later repetitious stages of the amour; Achilles' eloquent disappointment and voluntary return to Hades; the interruption of Helen's preparations for death by the appearance of a desirous young fisherman; and the divine one's wondering gift of herself to the dumb boy.

This libretto Erskine turned over to the composer George Antheil. Antheil, for his part, never took hold of the idea, possibly because of the utter absence of quality from the verbal expressions provided him by his librettist. But he had an operatic formula which he had worked out under the influence of certain modern German composers, Krenek and Weill in particular, and which was favorable to his own specific musical flair. This formula prescribed a lyric opera, with music uncorrelated to particular situations and merely matching with a fitting atmosphere the general disposition and overtones of the action. Any musical style, from that of the polyphonic classicists to that of the homophonic Broadwayists, was to be introduced by the composer at his discretion, nor was he to shrink from treading upon the heels of any of the past masters, neither Puccini's nor Strauss's nor Meyerbeer's, saving those of Wagner alone. The chorus was to be stationary, as in "Oedipus Rex" and "Der Jasager," and masked. And he set to work—

At least, one infers this history from the result of the collaboration produced February 28 at the Juilliard School of Music in New York City by pupils of the institution under the baton of Albert Stoessel. "Helen Retires," as the ironic piece is called, is diverting enough. Everything the composer has supplied in the way of music exhibits intelligence of a sort. Some of it, the dissonant fugato in the first act and the polyphonic duet in the last, for example, is very charming. The last act is even dramatic. The score has a pleasant, present-day terseness and hardness. In spots, it reveals an effort toward a "Hail Columbia!" kind of American expression. But, structurally, it is quite unstrung. Nor is it ever quite fresh or moving, or adequate to Erskine's bright idea. The orchestration is noisy, without sonority.

The modernistic stage-sets by Frederick Kiesler were most imaginative.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Russia's Expatriates

SIR: In his article, "A Million Expatriates," Mr. Joshua Kunitz attempts the task of dealing with the philosophy of those whom the Bolshevik Revolution drove out of Russia. Ten years ago, the notion that anyone who did not subscribe to the creed that Bolshevism was the one hope of the world could be anything else but an imbecile or a reactionary, could never have dawned upon Mr. Kunitz. At present, the case is otherwise. It is quite obvious that persons of Nicholas Berdaev's intellectual capacity—not to mention Leo Shestov, another first-class opponent—are fully equipped with the intellectual weapons necessary to deal with the pretensions of Bolshevism to be called a philosophy. It is also obvious that it is possible to look upon Bolshevism in one of three ways: one can reject it utterly, holding with Berdaev that it is impossible to erect any social structure that is not dedicated to Christ and at the same time not dedicated to Mammon; or one can admit Lenin's exceptional honesty, and yet move more and more into opposition to Stalin; or one can say that it is Bolshevism plus the long-rooted nationalistic sentiments of Europe that has produced, not the world-revolution, but the poisonous growth of European Fascism. All of these points of view are good, and all have something to be said for them. But Mr. Kunitz makes no attempt at critical analysis; instead he sentimentalizes over people like Prince Mirsky and Irina Skariatina, who have gone back from exile to Russia. Let me assure Mr. Kunitz, on the basis of some personal acquaintance with Prince Mirsky, that it is possible to sympathize with a man and yet to deny his philosophy; all of Prince Mirsky's intellectual attitudes have been rationalizations of a compelling inner emotional need. When one is an expatriate, there are times when the need for a region called "home" can overpower the weightiest philosophical considerations. Moreover, even if the entire million of whom Mr. Kunitz speaks were to return to Russia tomorrow, Russia might still be in the wrong.

Little Rock, Ark. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

The Affair in the Garden

[The New Republic has received many letters on the riot between Socialists and Communists at Madison Square Garden on February 16 and on our editorial paragraph in the issue of February 28 in which we said that the Communists must bear the chief blame, but that Clarence Hathaway alone appeared to have come out with any credit. We print below excerpts from some of the letters.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR:... Anybody who has had any experience whatever with the Communist party knows that it enforces an iron discipline on its members. It does not permit things to happen by chance on such important occasions as this: what Communists did at the meeting was, of course, carefully planned beforehand. The booing would not have occurred at all or would have been silenced almost as soon as it began if the Communist leaders had so desired, without any need for Clarence Hathaway to ascend the platform. The notion that the Communists, including all their other leaders, scattered around among the audience, were bent on breaking up the meeting, or at least had lost complete control of themselves, while noble Clarence Hathaway kept his head and as an individual realized that his comrades were making a mistake and so was trying to get to the platform in order to help out the poor Socialists and trade unionists and restore order for them, is quite fantastic.

If order was what the Communists wanted at this meeting they would have gotten it without any of their leaders going to the platform, an action which, of course, the Socialists and trade

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unionists could only interpret under the circumstances as an attempt either to "capture" the meeting or to make them look foolish—like persons who could not control their own meeting and who had to call upon an outsider to hand it back to them.

That the statesmanship of the Communist party, the representative of the Third International in the United States which lays claim to being the vanguard of the revolutionary movement of the world, could rise no higher in this crisis than a gangster attack on trade-union and Socialist fellow workers, is indeed a tragedy for the working class. It is the final proof that so far from being the leader of the revolutionary movement of the workers, the Communist party has become a stumbling block to the revolution. . . .

However, the workers of the United States will not despair even in the face of such tragedies as were enacted in Madison Square Garden on February 16. These events sound the death knell of false, inadequate leadership. They clarify the issues. It is now clear beyond any question that neither the Socialist party nor the Communist party can give leadership, unite the healthy revolutionary elements and rally the working masses. Thus the way is prepared for all honest revolutionary elements to unite and to build a new revolutionary party.

A. J. MUSTE,
New York City. Chairman, American Workers' Party.

SIR: What were the shouts which "amazed and horrified" the radio announcer at the Madison Square Garden meeting against Austrian Fascism? Anyone who was there knows that they were first of all spontaneous cries and slogans of enthusiasm and for unity of all the workers there—workers *all of whom* were invited, contrary to your editorial assertion, unless you wish to assume that those who support the revolutionary movement are not workers.

It was clear to everyone present that a majority of those who responded to the invitation were revolutionary workers. But it was equally clear that hundreds, at least, of the Socialist and A.F. of L. workers present joined in the shouting of slogans. A rally in support of Austrian workers fighting on the barricades is, after all, not an afternoon tea.

How did the Socialist speakers respond to this great spontaneous expression of boisterous solidarity? Anyone who heard them knows that they responded with cold invective and calculated insult of the workers who were there. The opening words of Algernon Lee, the chairman, were a provocative attack on "disrupters."

To anyone to whom the defense of the Austrian workers is a matter of the blood, and not merely of cold, formal phrases and polite appeals to President Roosevelt, the words which were expressed on the floor were an incalculably more genuine expression than the words of the official hosts of Matthew Woll and Mayor LaGuardia, the clubs of whose cops many of those present had felt on their heads only two days before.

Unless you hold that the Austrian workers were guilty of "rioting" for the struggle which this meeting was supposed to support, you cannot hold the revolutionary workers and Communists guilty for turning so vicious and provocative a travesty of solidarity on the part of those who conducted the meeting into an expression of deep, impetuous and genuine feelings of solidarity of the workers who came there because they *meant* the enthusiasm which they expressed.

New York City. THOMAS MACDERMOTT.

SIR: May I be permitted to express my indignation at the one-sided picture given by you of the Madison Square "riot"? I have always held in the highest respect your reports of controversial issues, but I must protest, as one who was a witness of the incident, against the misleading and incomplete description you gave.

To say that Hathaway was the only one who "came out of it with any credit" is to overlook the valiant effort made by scores of Socialists, men and women both old and young (many of whom were slugged around without mercy), to keep the unruly Communistic element within the bounds of propriety and decency.

To quote Hathaway's "intentions" of coming to the platform in the attempt to bring his unruly followers to their senses, and then merely to say that the Socialists have a different version without giving it, is to speak the truth and yet leave the implication of not attaching any credence to the Socialist version, at the same time that you place a premium on announced "intentions."

Brooklyn, N. Y. Aaron Mezisky.

SIR: You missed one big point in your editorial praragraph on the Madison Square Garden riot.

On Wednesday, February 14, LaGuardia's police clubbed Socialists and Communists at the Library.

On Friday, February 16, Socialists sit with LaGuardia—and ban Communists.

This does not excuse Communist errors—but it does throw important light on underlying factors.

New York City. W. R.SASSAMAN.

SIR: I cannot see how even so sympathetic a critic of Communist-party tactics as The New Republic can pretend to defend the part played by the Communists in the affair at Madison Square Garden.

It seems to me that this should be one occasion when the editors of The New Republic would inform their readers that tactics such as these can do nothing but prevent for a long time working-class unity in the United States—now so sorely needed. Further, the event in the Garden must needs reinforce the position and arguments of those who see no utility or necessity in having the Socialist party pay any attention to the Communist in its efforts to build a working-class political movement in this country. What can the Communists hope to gain by such tactics?

Chicago, Ill. PHILIP BOOTH.

SIR: I am ashamed to admit that I was one of the boors at the Madison Square Garden meeting. Every worker who attended the demonstration knows now that the "united front from below" bid of the Communist party is the most colossal hoax ever perpetrated upon Communist and Socialist workers alike. Through the "united front from below" policy, the Communist politicians are saying to the Socialist workers: Repudiate your leaders, accept us, our tactics, our ideology—in short become a Communist. And if the Socialist workers refuse to be taken in by the odious slanders against their leaders, then they must be bludgeoned into it, terrorized and attacked. For if the Communist leaders cannot "run the show," they maneuver to wreck it. Witness the shameful breaking up of the Madison Square Garden meeting!

New York City. WALTER ROBBINS.

A Labor Paper for China

SIR: An appeal is being made for funds to assist in the maintenance of The China Forum, edited by Harold Isaacs at Shanghai. The China Forum now appears as an English-Chinese weekly with a circulation of approximately 5,000 copies, over 95 percent of which is among Chinese in the Nanking area. Since this circulation is largely unpaid, the paper exists on the earnings of a few devoted supporters at Shanghai. As the only radical labor journal in China, its continued publication is of paramount importance. Contributions may be sent to the undersigned at 136 Claremont Avenue, Mt. Vernon, New York.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. T. A. BISSON.

Extracts from Letters

CONCERNING the recent letter asking for sources on the Reichstag fire—in relation to our poetry-prize contest—more information has come in. Mr. Arthur Heller writes to suggest a pamphlet "Who Burned the Reichstag?" published during the summer by the National Committee for Relief of the Victims of German Fascism and available for five cents a copy at the office of the Committee, 870 Broadway, New York City.

The Technicians' Forum through its chairman, G. Jurist, announces a series of Sunday evening lectures and discussions on the role of the technician in modern society and the possibility of building technicians' organizations. The meetings will be held March 11, March 25, and April 8 at 7:30 P. M. at the Irving Plaza Hall, Fifteenth Street and Irving Place, New York City.

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Three Serious Plays

Richard of Bordeaux, by Gordon Daviot. Empire Theatre, February 13, 1934.

Dodsworth, dramatized by Sidney Howard from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Shubert Theatre, February 26, 1934.

They Shall Not Die, by John Wexley. Royale Theatre, February 21, 1934.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX," with Mr. John Gielgud as the king, is now in its second London year. It may easily have for English audiences many implications that ours pass by; though the pacifist, culture and other themes in it are evident enough, and the language medium is not special to any British tradition. The title is cleverly invented, for it implies a certain French element of civilization, desire for an art of living, and contemplation of values that Richard II found little place for in his stormy kingdom. This storm and power and barbaric audacity the poet in Shakespeare has expressed. In "Richard of Bordeaux" there is a more intelligible layout, more point of view, more application to the world of men and thought, and—by the miracle that genius is—less depth and a less vigorous ascent for the imagination. The great need for the play as it stands is some extrication for the matrix of words, words, words—which could also be said of Shakespeare's chronicle at times, however golden. "Richard of Bordeaux" needs an underscoring of the dramatic pattern, stronger emphases to mark the dramatic transitions in character and event.

How much this overdistributed emphasis, ending in a certain dramatic blur, is implicit in the text and how much in the performance could not be exactly said. Mr. Dennis King in the part of Richard brings to his portrayal many understandings and a pronounced technical advantage. He lards the role with acting, and adorns it with a certain glitter of style. This is nothing against Mr. King's performance. What is needed is further gradation and decision. The first section of the play, where Richard is shown in the light of his ideas of beauty and peace, his sense of luxury and his love of his wife, Anne of Bohemia, needs to be more strongly marked off from the second section, where national affairs, plots and opposition bear the king down to more maturity of attitude and conduct. The same is true of the last division of the play, with the queen's death, Richard's approaching ruin, the prison scene, and that motif for the last curtain: Parliament's complaints at the expense account of Richard's successor. Mr. King, taking the actors opposite him and taking himself and his technical moods in hand, should contrive some heavy shadings at the important junctions of the play. He could thus reinforce the character development or pattern that is the drama of the piece, as the costume and speech are its pageant.

The settings for this play are so badly lighted, a flood of white from above, that they appear far more than need be out of key with the play and thin. The costumes are almost fantastically good and are full of gusto and taste.

"Dodsworth," Mr. Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' novel, departs with a wise discretion from the book itself, which no stage version could contain. But the fable that the novel affords clings to the play still. The outline of the dramatization, with its fourteen scenes, is clear; though the quality lessens as the play goes on. To their performances the actors can bring, of course, the fruits of Mr. Lewis' novelistic details which the play itself could not find space to supply. These details, if not entirely created within the play's terms, are at least quite receivable by it. The principal lack in Mr. Howard's play, nevertheless, taking it scene by scene, consists in its scarcity of idiom, of item and vibration, with regard to the speech, the conflict of emotions and the characters' reaction to place.

The excellences of the play are greatly furthered by the playing of Miss Fay Bainter and Mr. Walter Huston in the Dodsworth roles. Both these players understand how not to pack their roles with more than the stage writing could bear; both refrain from drawing on the novel to an extent that would only entangle the play. Mr. Huston deserves something better than has been supplied him in the last two scenes; but that is not his fault. A performance without a false note emotionally, a break in its simplification and sincerity, or a technical gap, is a fine event for the season. Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya as the old baroness forbidding her son to marry Mrs. Dodsworth (who is taking the divorce, the young man and the future all as variations on what her nature craves) created—and superbly—something on the stage that completely described this American wife, as Europe dissects and disposes of her in another scale of values. Mr. Jo Mielziner's nine heavy, expert settings are dramatic to this Dodsworth material.

"They Shall Not Die" in the main parallels the newspaper accounts of the Scottsboro trial. Mr. Wexley stops his play at the moment when the jury has retired. A love motif is added by making one of the two young women witnesses fall in love with a traveling salesman and go away with him. Later she comes home to retract her former testimony and expose the frame-up. This role is played with beauty and pathos by Miss Ruth Gordon. Mr. Claude Rains as the New York lawyer played well, if somewhat in the stylistic manner of French Revolution oratory, faced with the convincing realism of Mr. Ben Smith's district attorney in a strong rural Texas accent.

"They Shall Not Die" is a good example of a playwright's intensifying the theatre line of his work by simplifying the matter involved. We are shown a frame-up, the hounding of the poor Negroes by a jury of seedy and degenerate whites without one visible saving grace among them, and for the climactic motif the laughter and guffaws heard from the room where the jury has retired to decide a case of life and death. Such a method makes for a good deal of direct, raw theatre and some amount of drama. It is as if, to take another instance, for a play on the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the jury and spectators were all shown as capitalists in top-hats and spats. Thus it happens that Mr. Wexley's play by this very singleness is more or less limited; what we see is to an undue extent mere mob hatred and brutal pursuit. If on the other hand there were even a few respectable or decent people on the white jury and among those white spectators in that courtroom where the Negro is being tried for rape, the content of the play would be much extended. "They Shall Not Die" would then rest more on what would be—and in actuality is—far more complex, darker, racially and socially significant, and tragic material for drama.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Esthetics of Plunder

THERE is a great deal that should be said about Matthew Josephson's history of the rise of the great American fortunes[1]: that it is the best, the liveliest and most illuminating of the works on this subject, that it represents a very sharp advance over the author's previous work, with but little resemblance, either in writing or general approach, to his biography of Rousseau or his study of the American literary expatriates. It should also be said that the material it contains, while not new, has never been so skillfully coördinated before, nor assembled to throw light on such important processes.

But it has a curious inconsistency as well, one which, though by no means the most important feature of the book, aids in characterizing it and in showing the quality of Josephson's contribution. "The Robber Barons" is cold history, but history written with a kind of romantic flourish and disdain; the capitalists whose careers are traced in it are now viewed as shoddy traders in stolen goods, and now as far-sighted conspirators whose cunning is almost beyond belief. Seldom, through these forty years of their rise and fall, do we see them at some commonplace piece of knavery such as rigging the market; rather they are always conducting bold raids, seizing giant properties, preparing snares for their enemies and knifing their associates. A competing railroad thus becomes "a pistol at the heart" of another's domain; the purchase of scattered property becomes "mysterious skirmishing for vital positions." Certainly this language is justified in terms of the deeper processes which were going on, and certainly it adds color and excitement to the narratives, but when it is tied to the niggardly details which Josephson also gives, to the haggling for small change and the inability to grasp even the most rudimentary ideas aside from those connected with business, a strange and contradictory picture results. We see great battles being fought, yes, but we can never be sure whether they are the battles of giants or of foolish old men; we see great power being wielded, but it sometimes looks suspiciously like the power of a madman with an axe.

Nevertheless, Josephson's book has a perceptible and extremely impressive scheme. In spite of its occasionally romantic terminology, it is a dramatization of the concentration of capital, of the "progressive diminution in the number of capitalist magnates," with special emphasis on the conflicts, the social disorder which, preceding this concentration and making it possible, became even more severe after it had been virtually accomplished. Taking a dozen major fortunes that were being consolidated at the end of the Civil War, Josephson traces their progress through the forty years, showing how they were absorbed or confiscated or merely dominated, until by 1900 only two, those of Rockefeller and Morgan, were in a position to work control over all the rest.

During the Civil War the rising enterprisers, all distinguished by a subnormal indifference to the welfare of their fellows, were grasping the properties which became available, cheap, or less well protected in a period of disorder. We are given a glimpse of Gould stealing money from a tannery of which he had charge, of Morgan selling rejected guns to the government, of Rockefeller using one oil refinery as a club for destroying his rivals, of Carnegie getting a foothold as an ironmaster, of Vanderbilt making another fortune by selling leaky ships for the transportation of troops. Carefully these fortunes are shown in their violent growth, until one after another they are subordinated to the Morgans and Rockefellers—Carnegie withdraws from the battle, the Vanderbilts become passive, Jim Hill becomes a lieutenant of Morgan and Harriman a Rockefeller ally; the concentration is all but finished. The two remaining organizations—for these fortunes are seen to be huge conspiratorial groups—have grown so vast, so intricate and topheavy that if they barely touch shoulders, as in the Northern Pacific panic of 1901, the financial apparatus of the world is threatened with destruction.

It would be too little to say that this concentration is merely illustrated. It is proved, thoroughly and dramatically; proved with a wealth of reference, testimony, insinuation and all the other weapons in the historian's arsenal; discussions of "competition" and "monopoly" should hereafter take place on a higher level. In the earlier period we are shown how Gould could win an advantage by theft or trickery, but by 1900:

> "How can you beat the Standard Oil party, with their sixty millions of income per annum?" exclaims James Keene. . . . "They have control of all the industries, are getting all the railroads and the street railways and will in a few years own the whole country."

Or, as Frederick Prince explained to Barron: "John D. Rockefeller . . . makes his money by simply tipping out $500 million of securities, then the market goes down and he takes them back at his leisure." The conclusion is obvious. By the time this book is finished the reader is faced with the knowledge that there is no enterprise that can flourish without the active or passive consent of these dominant capitalist groups, that there is no business strong enough to face their disfavor, no independent they could not, at will, destroy. It is one of several disappointments that Josephson does not develop this insight further, does not, that is, show how the conflict is now transferred to the international arena, the internal antagonisms being supplanted by deadly battles with the dominant capitalists of rival powers—a repetition, but on a vast and terrible scale, of the struggle of Gould and Huntington for the undeveloped areas of the West.

Nowhere is the inconsistency in Josephson's account of his heroes, his picture of them as at once less than fatuous and more than far-sighted, more clearly shown that in his version of the struggle for the "economic narrows" of the country, for the strategic positions in the transportation system, the refineries in the production of oil, the very mountain passes through which all trade must flow and from which the entrenched holder could demand tribute. Possession of these narrows enabled the holder to seize the wealth created by the labor of thousands of producers; it gave him control over his rivals and opened endless opportunities for the exploitation of a whole region or industry. But in only two cases, those of Jay Gould and Rockefeller, does Josephson convince us that the enterpriser was conscious of the broader aspects of the work he was doing: the portrait of Gould, by all odds the best in the volume,

[1] The Robber Barons, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 486 pages. $3.

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is that of a character of unguessed depth and penetration, able to visualize the seizure of all the key positions in the country, while that of Rockefeller presents him as a superb organizer and administrator, performing a necessary work of consolidation and building a bridge to the future. The others, despite the rhetoric devoted to them, seem to have been gifted in a left-handed fashion, to have been sharply below the average in intelligence and above the average in callousness, merely helpless and panic-stricken individuals who were dragged and bruised by their uncontrollable fortunes.

These points are important, for they explain why Josephson has been able to subordinate so much in this period to the careers of a few millionaires. Looking upon these individuals as controlling events from the top, he is forced to minimize the effect of the labor movement, of the farm revolt and of the other popular uprisings—minimizing them so completely that it always seems surprising in this book to read that "public opinion" forced some change of policy or dictated a course of action. As in reading Veblen, on whom Josephson has leaned most heavily, one is often shocked to find some harrowing or significant event, a prolonged depression or a great strike, dismissed in a cool and unfeeling generalization, as though these matters had slipped past without leaving a scar on those who profited or suffered from them.

Though no other picture of this period has been worked out on so large a scale, the sacrifice of so much that is relevant—even if only relevant in terms of the mental development of the capitalists—gives it an appearance of incompleteness. Who, in reading those mad and incoherent tirades against Socialism, in the conversations Barron preserved, can doubt the threat under which these men lived? No, there is another picture to be drawn of these robber barons, a picture which often comes through this book and occasionally through Barron's notes, a picture of stunted and scared grotesques, living in isolation and distrust, developing that social irresponsibility which profited them financially but which seems to have caused them acute mental distress and which in so many cases left them with little control over their own actions. There had to be generations of decay and demoralization before a Rabelais could see the princes of the Church as pompous and empty monstrosities—we should not need much more suffering before our own rulers convince us of their incompetence, their timidity, their blundering and their cruelty.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Mrs. Buck's New Novel

The Mother, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

MRS. BUCK'S latest novel is simple and effective. It is so direct in its appeal to the emotions that it draws tears to the eyes. And it has a certain quality common to some of the world's finest books and peculiarly satisfying in whatever book it appears, of presenting its characters safe, in the integrity of their destinies, from envy, scorn and censure. It is so rare when a writer does not nag, patronize, sneer at, malign or pity and pet his characters that dispassionateness becomes in itself a virtue.

But this dispassionateness, which some writers can maintain throughout even the most minute analysis of character, requires on the part of Mrs. Buck a standing apart from the people in her book. For her the desirable effect is won at the cost of intimacy. It is therefore not surprising that the characters appear without names—they are the Mother, the Man, the Grandmother, the Elder Son, the Elder Son's Wife, the Little Son, the Blind Maid, the Cousin, the Neighbors. This device was probably deliberate, and used as a means of symbolizing the key figures in the common drama of Chinese life, in the belief that to particularize them and give them names would take from them some of their epic and primordial quality. As a consequence, the author's attitude to her characters is grave and liturgic. This quality is heightened by her biblical style, which she handles here with more ease than in her previous novels. A style so out of step and out of keeping with modern prose rhythms and emphases must—and, in spite of the writer's skill, continues to—sound affected. But there is no question that this style is her own.

The story can serve as a type of the tragic destiny of the common man in China. The Mother is a strong peasant woman, married to a gay and handsome man who is rebellious at the monotony of his life, and even feels cheated out of love by the Mother's care of their three children. After a series of quarrels, he abandons her and never returns. Left without help to tend the farm, she is forced to hurry her older son into the adulthood of labor and to neglect her daughter, who is going blind from an untended disease of the eyes. The Mother's halted sexual function takes command of her once, and the abortives which she subsequently has to use permanently injure her health. The industrious older son is married to a hard-working, quietly efficient woman who takes over the household, and offends the Mother merely by being there, by altering the comfortable sameness of their living. The little son, whom the older son hates because of the Mother's partiality to him, goes off to the town, to some mysterious calling. The blind maid is married off to an idiot boy in a rough mountain community, and survives the life in his hovel less than a year. After her death, which the Mother secretly regards as retribution for her sin, there is a period of calm. Then her younger son disappears, and when next seen he is one of a string of captured Communists being led to the beheading ground. In the depth of her agony the Mother is cheered by the birth of a grandson and the chain of the generations of suffering snaps on its continuing link.

It might be thought that dealing with the life of a poor peasant so completely, and speaking even of the Communists with outright sympathy, Mrs. Buck's new book might come within the category of the proletarian novel. Destiny, however, rather than the landlord class is, unconsciously, put forward as the enemy in the Mother's futile struggle. The revolutionary activity of her "little son" is shown as merely another burden and tragedy in the Mother's life. The boy is in fact the least realized of the characters in the novel. In contrast with his patient, uncomplaining older brother, he is at times in his idleness and good humor given a taint of selfishness. And in the end he is stripped even of his revolutionary ardor and is shown as the creature of a headstrong girl to whom he is chained in the procession to the execution grounds. Sympathy thus becomes a mechanism of disparagement.

It remains to speak of its value as information. Among the increasing number of readers drawn to books dealing with China, many are avid for knowledge. They will get, in "The Mother," a clear picture of the realities of Chinese peasant life, whose poverty, laboriousness and misery is probably unmatched elsewhere in the world. But this, valuable as it is, is mainly landscape. In the last generation there has been considerable motion over this landscape. It has been shocked by the industrial revolution and the growing

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influence of the West: it has been stirred by the Nationalist movement, and is now shaking under a powerful Communist revolution. Readers will do well to supplement "The Mother" with Agnes Smedley's action-pictures in "Chinese Destinies." ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The Happy Non-Combatants

The Paris Front, by Michel Corday. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 395 pages. $3.50.

THIS day-by-day record of the behavior of Paris during the four years of the War deserves to rank with the realistic accounts of life and death in the trenches in "Under Fire" and "All Quiet on the Western Front." It emphasizes the difference between the World War and its predecessors in the fact that the former involved the entire nation, the chosen who were mobilized under the delusion of patriotism, and the masses who were spiritually mobilized by hatred. M. Corday was in personal relation with many people of importance, and his diaries, like those of Wilfred Blunt, give us glimpses of the governing group as well as the circle of respectable, influential society. We learn of the bitter conflict between the Cabinet and the Grand Headquarters; of the stupid errors of the military mind; of censorship and propaganda which lead M. Corday to remark that "Truth is the chief victim of the war"; of the mutiny and its ferocious suppression in the spring of 1917; of the sabotage by Ribot, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, of the peace proposal by Austria in the same spring, on which M. Corday comments: "Blood is the milk of old men." He records his conviction, in May, 1918, that Ribot and Clemenceau, whose combined ages were 155, "could have stopped the massacre and reached a mutual agreement a whole year ago."

The phenomenon which most impressed M. Corday was the fact that the hatred of the enemy tended to pass over into hatred of peace itself. The newspapers as always were for war as providing the most salable news; one of them rejoiced: "At last we are freed from the appalling nightmare of peace." The official class, including many recreant socialists like A. Thomas and Sembat, were for it as increasing their importance and in notable cases their graft. The churchmen were for it as enlarging their opportunity to profiteer in miracles. Workers and peasants were reconciled to it because of high wages in munitions factories and high prices for products. As for the women, M. Corday notes with cynical exaggeration: "Eighty percent . . . are delighted to be free from their husbands, while half of them have taken lovers." This will to war, whatever its various sources, was consolidated into a public opinion which raised to heroic pitch the words and actions of those behind the lines. Pierre Loti strutted safely in uniform, and Henri Lavedan wrote of "the happiness of death." It was this public opinion, controlled by an articulate class which M. Corday estimates at 200,000, which received with fury the efforts of the Pope and Wilson for a negotiated peace. The Idée Nationale dismissed the latter with the happy phrase: "Wilson must let us write our own history in our own blood."

The appearance of the United States in the War rather shocked M. Corday's intelligence. He groped about among American friends and others for an explanation. One of these "regards the American decision as one of those mighty impulses of idealism which sometimes grip both nations and individuals," to which M. Corday doubtfully assents: "In a sort of way that is quite a possible view." He saw with regret Wilson's descent from his earlier position in favor of a peace without victory to his later cry of "force without stint or limit"—"War transforms a man, alas! And Wilson is the most striking example of that."

It would leave a false impression of M. Corday's book to omit a mention of the Gallic *esprit* which enlivens it with cynical humor. Thus when someone said that Paul-Boncour was a revolutionist because he resembled Robespierre, Clemenceau remarked: "Yes, but Robespierre himself did not know that he resembled Robespierre." And there is the army photographer who arriving at home on leave found his wife giving birth to a Negro baby. "He made the gloomy comment, 'An overexposure!'"

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Middle Class Politics

The New Party Politics, by A. N. Holcombe. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 148 pages. $1.75.

> The passing of the frontier and the growth of urban industry have shaken the foundations of the old party system in national politics. The old sectional interests are changing and the old sectional alliances are breaking down. The old party politics is visibly passing away. The character of the new party politics will be determined chiefly by the interests and attitudes of the urban population. It will be less rustic than the old and more urbane. There will be less sectional politics and more class politics.

THIS IS Professor Holcombe's thesis, and it is one with which we need not quarrel. It seems evident that the United States is entering upon a period of naked class politics, if not precisely or entirely for the reasons Professor Holcombe has advanced, then surely because of the intensification of the class struggle—which, it is true, is partly the result of "the passing of the frontier and the growth of urban industry." Professor Holcombe argues, logically enough, that with the rise of class politics we shall see the development of proletarian and fascist parties. "But," he contends, "Leninism and Hitlerism are not the only possible forms of class politics. Between the extremes there is also room for more moderate political formations. If ambitious and realistic politicians can create lower-class and upper-class parties, they can also create middle-class parties."

Our present major parties, it might be pointed out, are and long have been middle-class parties. But these, apparently, are not what Professor Holcombe has in mind. He envisages a party that will fight for the community as a whole rather than merely allow itself to be used in behalf of the financial and industrial rulers of the country: It would protect the country both against the avarice of the rich and the radical demands of the poor. For "the true function of the middle class in the modern state . . . is to mitigate the violence of the struggle between the upper and lower classes and to assert the supremacy of community interests over class interests of any kind."

Professor Holcombe himself admits that the proletarian and fascist parties he foresees would be governed mainly, if not exclusively, by economic considerations. Yet his middle-class party would seemingly be divorced from such realities. It would have no philosophy or program. "A comprehensive and systematic program for the middle class is impracticable. . . . Middle-class parties must be content with a choice of measures designed to meet the problems which

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arise from day to day. . . . Middle-class leadership must be opportunistic and experimental."

Could such a party stand up very long against the tremendous and contradictory economic forces at work today? Professor Holcombe seems to base his prescription on the supposition that the middle class of America has no economic interests of its own. In truth, however, the American middle class is now wholly on the defensive against the onrush of monopoly and imperialism. Its interest lies in stemming that onrush, if it can. Thus, far from being in a position to set itself up as arbiter between the upper and lower classes, it must do what it can to prevent the upper class from encroaching further upon its own economic preserves.

The author cites "the present leadership of the Roosevelt administration" in support of his formula. There can be little doubt that the President and his subordinates have been trying to maintain the sort of balance Professor Holcombe believes necessary, and no doubt whatever that they have been relying exclusively on opportunism and experimentation. Yet there is no certain evidence that the formula is here producing the anticipated results. On the contrary, it seems clear by now that the New Deal is strengthening still further the forces of monopoly and imperialism at the expense of both the middle class and the workers.

Lacking both philosophy and program, the American middle class, it is fairly safe to predict, will continue to allow itself to be led by "ambitious and realistic politicians" in the pay, or under the control, of the bosses of the upper class. And Professor Holcombe believes these upper-class bosses will eventually have to create a mass fascist party.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN.

Musician of the Spheres

The Herschel Chronicle: The Life Story of William Herschel and His Sister Caroline Herschel, edited by Constance Lubbock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 400 pages, illustrated. $6.

THE EIGHTEENTH century, redolent of piety, Enlightenment and indefatigable labor in the service of its twin Gods, Truth and Order, comes before us in these pages devoted to the closely interwoven lives of a great astronomer and his loyal sister. Young Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel, one of ten children born to Isaac Herschel of Hanover, in a letter written to his brother Jacob in 1761 from England, where he strove manfully to become a great musician, thus charmingly reveals both himself and his time:

> Four days since, meditating as I came from Richmond, upon the death and the order to be observed in all things, I said to myself, *All is Order:* and at that very instant, by some mischance, I fell violently from my horse. As I picked myself up, fortunately unharmed, "It would have been far better," I reflected, "that thou hadst broke thy neck than that the laws of motion should have been altered for thy sake."

William Herschel, organist of the famous Octagon Chapel at Bath by vocation; scholar, courtier and man of the world; a demon of energy who, in a sense undreamed of by Alexander, sought new worlds to conquer and found them reflected to his keen eyes from great instruments he himself made; discoverer of Uranus, explorer of nebulae and, in the words of De Sitter, "first to have the idea that the fixed stars form a system having a certain structure"—it is this man whose versatile achievements are set before us, largely in his own words and in those of his contemporaries, by the painstaking if unimaginative efforts of his granddaughter. Constance Lubbock is no Virginia Woolf; she has been content to assemble a mass of documents relating to her distinguished ancestor and to arrange them, with the barest minimum of comment, in a chronological sequence from which the interested student of a period and of a science may construct his own picture.

HAROLD WARD.

Black Is White

Comedy: American Style, by Jessie Fauset. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

THIS IS Miss Fauset's fourth novel. It is also, essentially, the novel she has written three times before. Once again she is the spokesman of the small section of the Negro bourgeoisie that wants both to eat its racial cake and have it; to prove that Negroes are just like other people only more so, and also that they are different and superior; that they are at the same time more primitive and vital and more refined and sensitive, subtler and more intelligent and simpler and more kind-hearted, more beautiful, more highly charged with sex-appeal, more colorful and even, on occasion, whiter than their white oppressors. And such is the complexity and absurdity of the situations arising from the color line that all these claims contain elements both of truth and of falsity.

There is rich material in these situations for an interesting novel, but this is not the novel Miss Fauset has written. Her latest book is another Sunday-school tract on certain aspects of the color line, with the pious children represented by those noble Negroes who—however white—are proud of and loyal to their black blood, and the naughty children by those who are ashamed of it and traffic with the enemy. Miss Fauset has, as any Negro has, an overwhelming case against the society that discriminates against her because of her color. Her account of the cruelty and stupidity of this discrimination and of its results is in no way exaggerated. But part of the real indictment is that racial discrimination results in books like this; that it is responsible for the state of mind that compels a member of the Negro intelligentsia, in the face of widespread tragedies of color as overwhelming as Scottsboro, to turn out this genteel trash to prove there are refined Negroes who know their Emily Post.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Books in Brief

BELLES LETTRES

HOW TO TEACH READING: A Primer for Ezra Pound, by F. R. Leavis.

HOW MANY CHILDREN HAD LADY MACBETH? An Essay in the theory and Practice of Shakespeare Criticism, by L. C. Knights.

Cambridge, England: W. Heffer and Sons. 49 and 70 pages. 2s. 6d. each.

Mr. Leavis approves of the exhilarating scorn for current academic modes of handling literary education which bristled in the pages of Mr. Pound's pamphlet "How to Read." He considers, however, that Pound's suggestions for reform were irresponsible and perverse. Mr. Leavis' own suggestions derive from the work of I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot. Richards indicates how sensibility must be trained, how particular poems can be profitably

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analyzed with such an end in view. Eliot's theory of the history of English poetry can be made to yield a list of the poems which should be studied first and to supply the rationale for their prior importance. Mr. Leavis' pamphlet is, then, a conscientious effort to indicate what certain prominent notions of contemporary criticism imply for immediate reform through education. This effort, in effect, defines the policy of Scrutiny, the English quarterly which he and Mr. Knights edit.

Mr. Knights believes that there is emerging a body of Shakespeare criticism which will not be controlled as two centuries of Shakespeare criticism have been controlled, by the assumption that the most profitable discussion of the plays must be in terms of their characters, characters so "real" as to be "familiar friends," whose problems we discuss as we would a friend's. In the first half of his pamphlet, Mr. Knights gives a historical outline of the "old" criticism, tracing it from Rymer to A. C. Bradley. In the latter half, he indicates what the "new" criticism will look like, by subjoining notes for a detailed analysis of "Macbeth," considered as "a dramatic *poem* . . . with greater affinity to 'The Waste Land' than to 'The Doll's House' . . . and using language to obtain a total complex emotional response."

History

THE BEGINNINGS OF MARXIAN SOCIALISM IN FRANCE, by Samuel Bernstein. *New York: Elliott Publishing Co. 239 pages. $2.50.*

Gide and Rist, in their classic "History of Economic Doctrines," credit the origin of socialism to France. But by socialism they mean any form of state intervention in economic life and activities. Marxian socialism, on the other hand, with its collectivism and class-struggle doctrines, as sponsored by the First International, became an issue in France at a comparatively late date. Even the Commune was not an exclusively proletarian government—and above all it was not socialistic. Following the Commune, the French labor movement was weak, with producers' coöperation being the ultimate objective of most labor leaders and workers. Blanquism and Proudhonism were also in vogue; nevertheless, Marxian socialism began to penetrate the labor movement. By 1880 it was sufficiently established to become the official doctrine of the National Socialist Labor Congress. These efforts to introduce Marxian socialism into France are ably recounted and interpreted by Dr. Bernstein. Not only does he lucidly describe the conflicting doctrines, the organizations and the maneuvers, but he admirably characterizes the personalities that participated in the conflict.

D. S.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS, by Charles A. Beard. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 100 pages. $1.25.*

This book, originally published twelve years ago, explains the economic basis on which Beard has interpreted political history. He is not a Marxian; his theories go back to the great political philosophers who preceded Marx. "The grand conclusion," he says, "seems to be exactly that advanced by our own James Madison in the Tenth Number of The Federalist. To express his thought in modern terms: a landed interest, a transport interest, a railway interest, a shipping interest, an engineering interest, a manufacturing interest, a public-official interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in all great societies and divide them into different classes actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests . . . constitutes the principal task of modern statesmen."

Philosophy

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE: A Study of His Writings with Special Reference to His Nationalism, by H. C. Engelbrecht. *New York: Columbia University Press. 221 pages. $3.50.*

Fichte is another of the great titans of German philosophy who has left an ambiguous heritage to Western culture. His writings have served as texts for Socialists as well as Fascists; indeed there is hardly a political group in Germany which has not quoted him for its own purposes. Mr. Englebrecht undertakes an analysis of Fichte's nationalism in the light of the political history of Fichte's times and shows that the basis of his "liberal nationalism"

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was the desire to free Germany of its invaders. On domestic issues, however, Fichte was a republican, a Jacobin and a socialist. The spokesmen of German imperialism and cultural chauvinism, in stressing the nationalistic aspects of Fichte's thought, "have dressed him up to suit their needs." The treatment and style of Mr. Engelbrecht's book are uninspiring. There is an organic connection which Mr. Engelbrecht overlooks between the Fichtean metaphysics and the Fichtean social utopianism. S. H.

Public Affairs

THE BANKERS' CONSPIRACY, by Arthur Kitson. *London: Eliot Stock. 101 pages. 2s. 6d.*

The author of this very outspoken and stimulating pamphlet (which the publishers claim has been "banned" by the British press) is the acknowledged dean of the Social Credit School of the New Economics. It contains a much needed short biography of this engineer-economist, a Foreword in which Mr. Kitson summarizes his long held views against the gold standard; and his "Criticism" of the Cunliffe Committee Report on Currency and Foreign Exchange, first issued in 1919. This last is the meat of the pamphlet. In about fifty pages of shrewd and closely reasoned analysis Mr. Kitson exposes the absurdity of the entire so-called "sound money" theory of finance, and particularly of the "commodity standard," whether gold, silver or what have you. The withering social and economic effects of the "money-power" are bluntly set forth.

Fiction

ABOUT LEVY, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.*

Claude Levy, the hero of this tale, never makes a personal appearance in it. "About Levy" is written in forty-four short episodes. The first, a conversation in a London pub, informs the reader that a young doctor called Levy is on trial for murder; the last, also a conversation in a London pub, reveals that Levy has been found guilty and has been sentenced to be hanged. Levy was a neurotic doctor of curious and strong intellect, absorbed in women but unable to show them his emotion. The bounderish fiancé of the girl Levy loves dies, while drunk, of poison. It becomes a question whether he had taken his life or whether he had been poisoned by Levy. Levy's childhood nurse, his guardian, his schoolmates, his sweethearts, his sister and his relatives who put up the money for his trial, the judge, the barristers and the jury appear in conversation, and Joyce-O'Neill interior monologues, and thus tell the story.

A Correction

In a review of "Gallery of Living Art," in The New Republic of February 28, the publisher was given by error as The New York University Press. The book, which is a catalogue of the A. E. Gallatin Collection, The Gallery of Living Art, New York University, was published privately by Mr. Gallatin for the Gallery. Copies of it can be procured from the Gallery, 100 Washington Square.

Contributors

John Dos Passos, author of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919," is now finishing his most recent work, "In All Countries."

Allen Tate, poet and biographer, is at work on a book tracing the historical background of American society.

Robert Cantwell is the author of "Laugh and Lie Down." His second novel, "The Land of Plenty," will be published this spring.

Isidor Schneider is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony," a volume of verse, and of "Doctor Transit," a novel.

Mauritz A. Hallgren is the author of "Seeds of Revolt," which was published last fall under the imprint of Alfred A. Knopf.

Martha Gruening, a frequent contributor to magazines, has made a study of education in this country and Europe.

Harold Ward writes on "The Sciences and Society" for The Living Age.

Paul Rosenfeld, author, among other books, of "Port of New York," is now lecturing on music and American art.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Sidney Hook and David A. Saposs.

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